

THE ATHENÆUM

Journal of English and Foreign Literature, Science, and the Fine Arts.

No. 1647.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MAY 21, 1859.

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FOURPENCE
Stamped Edition, 5d.

KING'S COLLEGE, LONDON.—**PHOTOGRAPHY.**—Mr. HARDWICH has COMMENCED his CLASSES, and is now giving Private Instruction in the Principles and Practice of the Art of Photography. For information, apply to T. F. HARDWICH, Esq., King's College, London.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL DINNER of the CORPORATION will take place, in Freemasons' Hall, on WEDNESDAY, the 26th of June.

The Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P., in the Chair. The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec. 73, Great Russell-street, W.C.

LINNEAN SOCIETY, BURLINGTON HOUSE, PICCADILLY.—The ANNUAL MEETING of this Society will be held here, on TUESDAY, the 24th of this month, at 1 o'clock, for the purpose of the ELECTION of a COUNCIL and OFFICERS for the ensuing Year; and the Members of the Society will afterwards DINE together at the THATCHED HOUSE TAVERN, in St. James's-street.

Dinner to be on the table at Half-past Five o'clock. JOHN J. BENNETT, Secretary. N.B. Tickets for the Dinner, including Tea and Coffee, at 25s. each, may be had of Mr. KIPPIST, at the Apartments of the Society, or at the Bar of the Tavern.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY, REGENT'S PARK.

The FIRST EXHIBITION this Season of PLANTS and FLOWERS will take place on WEDNESDAY next, May 26th. Tickets to be obtained at the Gardens, only by orders from Fellows or Members of the Society, price 5s. each; or, on the day of Exhibition, 7s. 6d. each.

The Exhibition of AMERICAN PLANTS will take place in JUNE.

ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY of LONDON, REGENT'S PARK. BOTANICAL LECTURES.

The SECOND LECTURE of the Course will be delivered, in the Museum in the Gardens, Regent's Park, on FRIDAY, May 27th, at 3 o'clock, by Dr. LANKESTER, on the LIFE of PLANTS. Fellows of the Society and their friends are admitted free. J. DEC. SOWERBY, Secretary.

EDUCATIONAL LECTURES, especially addressed to Teachers, will be delivered, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, on the following SATURDAY AFTERNOONS, 26th May, 4th, 11th, 18th, 25th June, and 2nd July, 1859, at 4 o'clock:—

LECTURE I., 26th May: "Reading Aloud," by the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, M.A., One of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools.
LECTURE II., 4th June: "What should Mechanical Workmen be Taught? And How?" by J. Scott Russell, Esq., F.R.S., C.E.
LECTURE III., 11th June: "How much Art School-Children should be taught," by Dr. G. Kinkel, formerly Professor of the History of Art and Civilization in the University of Bonn.
LECTURE IV., 18th June: "Singing in General Education," by John Hullah, Esq.
LECTURE V., 25th June: "Study of the English Language," by T. Walsford, Esq., M.A., Civil Service Commission.
LECTURE VI., 2nd July: "Adult Education among the Poor," by the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., of St. Thomas, Charterhouse.
The Lecture Theatre will hold 400 persons. 300 Seats will be reserved exclusively for Schoolmasters, schoolmistresses, Pupil-Teachers, &c., who, upon registering their names, will obtain Tickets, at 1s. each, for the whole Course. Tickets for the remaining 100 Seats will be issued at 5s. each for the Course, or 1s. each Lecture, when there may be room in the Theatre.
Tickets may be obtained at the Museum and Offices, and at Messrs. Chapman & Hall's, 153, Piccadilly.
By order of the Committee of Council on Education.

MUSICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON. CONVERSATION.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that a CONVERSATION will take place, at St. James's Hall, on THURSDAY EVENING, May 25th, at half-past 8 o'clock. President of the Evening, Sir JOHN E. HARRINGTON, Bart.

The Tickets already issued to the Fellows, Associates, and Lady Associates, will admit to the Conversation; but they are not transferable. Only the Ladies or Gentlemen whose names appear on the Tickets will be admitted; the Conversation being a private assembly of the Members.

Ladies and Gentlemen, being professional or non-professional musicians, desirous of attending the Conversation on the 26th inst., may immediately become Associates, on being duly nominated; and they should at once communicate with the Honorary Secretary. Any Lady Associate, not having an escort, has the special privilege of nominating one Annual Subscriber, who will be thus entitled to a personal admission to the Conversation, Concerts, and other meetings during the present year.
The Annual Subscription is fixed at One Guinea, payable to Messrs. Cramer & Co., 91, Regent-street.

CHARLES SALAMAN, Hon. Sec. St. James's Hall, 26, Baker-street, Portman-square.

DR. LANKESTER, M.D. F.R.S., will deliver (by permission of the Committee of Council on Education) Lectures, ON WINE, SPIRITS, and BEERS, in the Lecture Theatre of the South Kensington Museum, on MONDAY, May 23rd, at 8 o'clock P.M.

ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND. WARWICK MEETING.

Entries for Cheese, Wool, and Farm-Gates must be made on or before the 1st of June.
Entries for Live Stock must be made on or before the 1st of June.

All Entries received in each case after those respective dates will, without any exception, be disqualified, and returned to the senders.
Prize Sheets may be had on application at the Offices of the Society, 12, Hanover-square, London.

THE Rt. Hon. the EARL of SHREWSBURY and **TALBOT** will preside at the ANNUAL DINNER of the PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.

On TUESDAY, the 7th day of June, 1859, at the London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street.

STEWARDS (to the present time). Right Hon. LORD Ebury. Mr. Alderman and Sheriff CORDER.

WM. ROUPELL, Esq. M.P. John B. Bell, Esq. Joseph Causton, Esq. Henry William Causton, Esq. T. Slingsby Chamberlain, Esq. George Clowes, Esq. Edward Couchman, Esq. Thomas Dixon Gurn, Esq. William Hubble, Esq. Robert Malcolm Kerr, LL.D., Judge of Sheriff's Court, City. Richard Kinder, Esq. Richard Keyse, Esq. F.S.A. Frederic Ledger, Esq. Edward Lloyd, Esq. Richard Nicholson, Esq. F.S.A. G. William Petter, Esq. Alexander Rivington, Esq. George Rourledge, Esq. Benjamin F. Smith, Esq. Frederick Ulmer, Esq. W. Foster White, Esq. Richard J. Woodcock, Esq. JAS. S. HUDSON, Secretary.

Tickets, 20s. each, may be had of JAS. S. HUDSON, Secretary.

MR. S. C. HALL upon the **AUTHORS** of the AGE.—MR. HALL will give in One Lecture his Series of Portrait Portraits of the Authors of the Age, from Personal Acquaintance, at the Manor Square Rooms, on FRIDAY, May 27, at 8 o'clock, for the benefit of the **Governesses' Benevolent Institution**.

They will relate to Hannah More, Samuel Rogers, James Montgomery, Ebenezer Elliott, Thomas Moore, Letitia E. Landon (L. E. L.), Amelia Opie, the poetess, Allan Cunningham, James Hogg, Sydney Smith, Prof. Wilson, Lady Blessington, Mary Russell Mitford, Wordsworth, Southey, Maria Edgeworth, Felicia Hemans, Thomas Campbell, Theodore Hook, Thomas Hood, and others.

Cards of Admission (2s. each); or Family Tickets, to admit six, 12s., will be issued at the Office of the **Governesses' Benevolent Institution**, 32, Sackville-street, Piccadilly.

ORATIONS by **MR. T. MASON JONES**, WILLIS'S ROOMS.

On MONDAY EVENING, May 23, at half-past 8 o'clock. "EDMUND BURKE, the Philosopher, Statesman, and Orator." Reserved Seats (numbered), 5s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s. 6d.

Mr. T. Mason Jones will also give an Oration at Exeter Hall, on Thursday Evening, May 25, on "Milton, the Patriot, Statesman, Prose Writer, and Poet."

Tickets to be obtained at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond-street.

MR. KIDD'S SOCIAL AND GENIAL "GOSSIPERS."

"WILLIAM KIDD'S 'Gossiping, Anecdotal Entertainments'—now familiar as household words—are so thoroughly appreciated by the public at large, that it would be superfluous for us to say more than we have already said in their praise. They are not, it is observed, merely entertaining and humorous, full of lively Anecdotes and sparkling with Wit, but they supply inexhaustible material for wholesome private reflection. In a word, they prove 'what half the World, at least, seem to doubt—that Life is a Reality.' Mr. Kidd, as is well known, always dwells upon the Bright Side of Nature, although he confesses to have seen much of both sides. He is of a truly liberal spirit, warm-hearted, a philanthropist, and an undisguised enemy to cant and hypocrisy in every existing form. He is at open war with many of the doctrines taught publicly from our Pulpits, particularly that which insists upon the utter inability of Man to do anything that is good or pleases God. This he repudiates altogether, teaching that Man, having received from his Maker numberless great good, and valuable gifts, with full power to exercise them under certain clearly-defined conditions, is bound to be considered responsible for their use, abuse, and neglect. As for the stupid blocks which bigotry sets up in the way of benevolence, active morality, and genuine piety, Mr. Kidd demolishes these at once, without even condescending to name them, simply by pointing to those noble aims, and by cultivating a taste for that endless train of innocent and ennobling pursuits, which happily exist independently and in spite of dogma."—*Liverpool Mercury*.

Mr. Kidd has just returned from fulfilling his Provincial duties, and is now prepared to form New Engagements for the approaching Season. Terms, &c. sent free. Hammersmith, May 21.

BIRDS AND THE BREEDING SEASON.

KIDD'S (W.) BRITISH SONG-BIRDS, WARBLERS, and BIRDS of PASSAGE. Cheap Illustrated Editions—New and greatly-improved Editions of these Seven Popular and very complete Treatises on Bird-keeping, Bird-breeding, and Bird-taming, are now Ready. Price 1s. each. If all bound up together, price 5s. cloth, extra gilt. Post free. London: GROOMBRIDGE & SONS, 5, PATERNOSTER-row.

MR. GEORGE MAC DONALD, Author of "Within and Without," "Phantasies," &c., will deliver a Course of LECTURES on THE GREAT POETS of the LITERATURE, at the Literary Institution in Edwards-street, Portman-square, on the days following, viz.:—Monday, 30th May; Scott; Friday, 3rd June; Byron; Monday, 6th June; Shelley; Friday, 10th June; Keats; Monday, 13th June; Coleridge; Friday, 17th June; Wordsworth.

The Lectures will commence at 3 o'clock. Tickets for the Course, One Guinea each; or for Single Lectures, Four Shillings each; may be had of Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill; at Booth's Library, 36, Regent-street; and at the Institution.

LITERARY.—A Gentleman of considerable Experience, both as Editor and Contributor, is OPEN TO AN ENGAGEMENT, either with a Daily, Weekly, or Provincial Journal,—one where there would be a prospect, ultimately, of purchasing a share of the work preferred.—Address, by Letter, R. S. F., at Mr. White's Advertising Agent, 33, Fleet-street.

EDUCATION (Superior).—UPTON HOUSE, SLOUGH, Bucks.—Madame PÉRETE, assisted by experienced Resident Governesses and Teachers, offers a first-rate, EDUCATED, and LIMITED number of the DAUGHTERS of GENTLEMEN, TWO VACANCIES in JULY.—Reference to numerous Parents of Pupils.—Address as above.

APIARIAN SOCIETY.—A PUBLIC MEETING

ING of this Society will, by permission of the Council of the Entomological Society, be held at their Rooms, 12, Bedford-row, on TUESDAY, May 24th, at Eight o'clock, P.M. The attendance of all persons interested in Bee-culture is requested. By order, W. B. TEGE-MEIER, Hon. Sec.

LADIES' UNIVERSITY.—Those who would assist in establishing an Institution, where Ladies could study any branch of Art or Science, are requested to communicate with A. A., 34, Grafton-street East, W.C.

The co-operation of those who are eminent in Art and Science is requested, and the assistance of the wealthy disposed to give pecuniary aid. Applications from Ladies who have experienced difficulty in finding opportunities for study are invited. May 18th, 1859.

THE GOVERNESSES' INSTITUTION, 34, SOHO SQUARE.—MRS. WAGHORN, who has resided many years abroad, respectfully invites the attention of the Nobility, Gentry, and Principals of Schools, to her REGISTER of English and Foreign GOVERNESSES, TEACHERS, COMPTONS, TUTORS, and PROFESSORS, who are well educated, properly transferred, and Pupils introduced in England, France, and Germany. No charge to Principals.

CONSUMPTION HOSPITAL, BROMPTON.—Further HELP is sought to MAINTAIN this Hospital, which is NOW FULL, in entire efficiency. Bankers: Messrs. Williams, Deacon & Co., 20, Birch-lane.

ALFRED ROSE, Hon. Sec. HENRY DOBBIN, Sec.

AN M.A. of ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE, Cambridge, Eight Wrangler of his year, 1847, who has lived for two years in the South of France, and speaks Spanish, would be glad to meet with a FEW PUPILS for a READING PARTY, in the Pyrenees, the Basque Country, and Spain.

Particulars may be obtained of the Rev. HUGH NICOLSON, 6, Adam-street, Adelphi, Strand, London, W.C.; or from Messrs. DEIGHTON & BELL, and Mr. MACMILLAN, Cambridge; or from the Rev. JOHN HATTERSLEY, Malson Châlons, Petite Bihère, près Pau, Basses Pyrénées.

A UNIVERSITY PROFESSOR, educating

his son, aged fifteen, for Honours at Cambridge, is desirous of RECEIVING into his Family ONE or TWO quiet, studious BOYS intended for either of the English Universities. In addition to careful private instruction, they would have the privilege of attending the Mathematical Lectures of a highly-distinguished Senior Wrangler, and the Greek Lectures of a first-class Oxford Man. The Advertiser's residence is situated at the sea-side.—Address E. A. S., to the care of Messrs. T. & W. Boone, 20, New Bond-street.

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The Rev. J. M. Bellow lectures during the Present Term on English Literature. The Rev. John Oates, V.P., has Vacancies for Boarders. For Prospects (of School or College), and every information, address J. W. FREEMAN, Esq., Secretary, Aberdeen-cilla, N.W. CH. S. A. DICKINSON, Principal.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—HANDEL COMMEMORATION FESTIVAL.—Five Shilling Tickets.

In accordance with their published intention "of affording the opportunity of attending the Festival to those who do not desire Reserved Seats," the Directors have now the pleasure to announce that Tickets will be issued at Five Shillings each, for each of the Three Days of the Festival, viz., the 20th, 22nd, and 24th of June. These Tickets will be in the North and South Naves, commencing on either side at the limit of the Orchestra, and extending from thence towards the ends of the Palace. Seats will be provided, with an access entirely separate from that to the Reserved Seats and Stalls.

Applications for these Tickets will be received at the Crystal Palace and at 2, Exeter Hall, only, on and after Monday the 23rd inst.; but no applications can be attended to unless accompanied by a remittance of the full amount. Cheques and Post-office Orders to be made payable to GEORGE GROVE, Esq.,—the latter at the General Post Office, St. Martin's-lane.

As only a limited number of these Tickets will be issued, early application is recommended. By order, GEORGE GROVE, Secretary.

N.B. Additional Stalls have been reserved in the galleries and in the Area; the latter on an inclined Platform on the side of the small Orchestra immediately fronting the Handel Organ. The same side of the Galleries as the Galleries are reserved for the use of two Guineas the Single Stall; the remaining Single, One Guinea each, and Two-and-a-half Guineas the Set. Seats in the unnumbered Blocks, at Twenty-five Shillings the Set, or Half-price, will be reserved for the use of the same. Plans of the above may be inspected at the Crystal Palace and 2, Exeter Hall. Crystal Palace, May 18th, 1859.



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MESSRS. S. LEIGH SOTHEBY & JOHN WILKINSON, Auctioneers of Literary Property and Works Illustrative of the Arts, will sell by auction, at their House, 3, Wellington-street, Strand, on TUESDAY, May 31, at 1 o'clock precisely, the valuable and select collection of BEAUTIFUL ENGRAVINGS, of the highest class and quality, the Property of the Rev. THOMAS CHAFFERS, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford, comprising the leading productions, mostly in the choicest Artists' Proof states, of the following distinguished Engravers—

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Among the more important Prints may be mentioned—The Marriage of the Virgin, by Lough; The Reading Magdalen, by the same—The Transfiguration, by R. Morphen; The Last Supper, by the same—all magnificent. Proofs of fine quality—the principal works of Tochi, all Artists' Proofs, &c. &c. May be viewed two days prior, and Catalogue had; if in the Country, on receipt of two stamps.

BENTLEY'S QUARTERLY REVIEW.—ADVERTISEMENTS and BILLS for the New Number received until June 10. New Burlington-street, May 31.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW, No. CCX. is published THIS DAY.

Contents.

- I. CARLYLE'S *FREDERICK THE GREAT.*
- II. SCOTTISH MINSTRELS.
- III. THE NATIONAL GALLERY.
- IV. BUNSEN'S EGYPT AND CHRONOLOGY OF THE BIBLE.
- V. DEVONSHIRE.
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THE IRISH QUARTERLY REVIEW.

No. XXXIII. APRIL, 1859.

Contents:—The Jebb and Crofton Controversy.—I. Scenes from the Revolution.—II. International Agricultural Exhibitions.—III. The Blind.—IV. About the Tenebræ.—V. Facts, Fallacies, and Frauds.—VI. Public Charity from a Catholic Point of View.—VII. The Office of Coroner—its Practice and Duties.—VIII. The Human Poll and the Barber's.—IX. Quarterly Record of the Progress of Reformatory Schools and of Prison Discipline, with Something about Poor-Houses. Dublin: W. B. Kelly, 8, Grafton-street; Simpkin, Marshall & Co. London.

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THE HON. LOCKE KING, M.P., from a Photograph by MAYALL, is the PORTRAIT presented GRATIS this day, SATURDAY, May 31, with No. 68 of the ILLUSTRATED NEWS OF THE WORLD. Price 6d. by post, 7d. May 28, with No. 69, GENERAL SIR HARRY SMITH. All the Portraits are kept in print, and any one may be had, with a Specimen Number, price 6d.; post free, 7d. In Parts, fortnightly, 1s. 4d.; monthly, 2s.; post free, 2s. 6d. Vols. I. and II. price 10s. each. India Proofs of any of the Portraits, 10s.; Proofs, 5s. each. Roller, 1s. extra. Office, 150, Strand; West-End Branch, 123, Regent-street (next to H. J. & D. Nicoll's Patent Warehouse); and all Booksellers and Newsmen in the World.

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planet, though worn out with long watching, and irresistibly inclined to take a nap,—in the course of which nap, he dreams . . . a long story, which is, we suppose, the "please to fold me up again" of the book.

It is a rambling love-tale of the 'Giaour' and 'Bride of Abydos' school, all about one Calisto, a Christian knight, sold into paynim slavery in the palace of a piratical white-bearded Emir, who lords it over a fabulously beautiful island in "famed Turkey." Nor is this the only point of resemblance to gallant Lord Bateman's Eastern adventures to be found in the story, for "this Turk," too, "has one only darter," who is duly enamoured of the knight, though not to the extent of hobnobbing with him in her father's cellar. The Emir takes a fancy to Calisto, wishes to make him his son-in-law, and to try his boasted virtue very prudently and *probably* leaves him for months alone, in charge of the fair Cassida. The pair of lovers, worthy of papa's confidence, while away the time by long polemical disputes on the merits of their respective creeds, by which neither of them is convinced; and in truth this seems the only thing probable in this string of monstrous improbabilities.

Back comes the Emir from his cruise, and being convinced of the success of his experiment, proposes to the knight a comfortable apostasy, a Mohammedan bride, and plenty of money-bags in the background. Calisto refuses with horror to listen to such terms, and the Emir, tolerant and generous to the last, sends him back freely, without ransom, to his castle in Calabria. Here the knight pines for his love, turns misanthrope, snubs his former friend and tutor, the Prior of a neighbouring convent, and ultimately falls into a deep decline, in the course of which he only leaves his chamber now and then to visit his mother's tomb, on which occasions he is so far left to himself as to "walk with his eyes shut, so that he knocks his head against any wall or door-post in his way, yet without showing signs of pain!" When at the point of death, this zealous Catholic and true lover, dreading an eternal separation from his Cassida in the world of spirits if their creeds remain different, manages to ferret out a convenient renegade, who has only adopted the Christian faith for show, obtains from him a lesson in the Koran, and incontinent turns Mohammedan. But—alack for the course of true love!—the fair Moslem, meanwhile, has been just as inconsolable as her lost lover, and has led the unlucky old Emir such an intolerable life, that some time previously she has had to "give him sepulture," as Signor Guerrazzi delicately calls the upshot of worrying to death. This duty completed, she, too, sets out for Calabria, disembarks, of course, at the right port, and proceeds to seek her lover, furnished with a slender vocabulary, containing but one Italian word—"his name!" By good luck, however, she stumbles on the very convent ruled over by his *ci-devant* friend, the Prior, who, being "excellently well versed in *Saracen idiom*," hears her doleful story, and conducts her to the apostate knight's death-bed. They find poor Calisto too far gone to say anything about his recent change of creed, so that when he expires, which he does within a few minutes after their arrival, the Prior scrupulously gives him extreme unction, and chants the death prayers over him. Whereupon a bright idea strikes the distracted Cassida, who forthwith summarily demands baptism and all the other sacraments, that she may follow her beloved to his eternal abode. Strong in this hope, she fairly pooh-poohs the Prior's scruples, and bids him be quick with his

office, seeing that at midnight she, too, must depart. The persecuted Prior obeys, hurries through the rites, Cassida dies precisely at twelve o'clock, as predicted, and the two emancipated spirits, thus playing at cross-purposes, of course find themselves as far apart as ever in the other world.

At this critical juncture Signor Guerrazzi coolly follows the poor distracted souls into infinite space, and portrays them vainly hunting each other up and down from the gates of Heaven to Heaven's antipodes, until their helpless despair so works upon the Divine compassion, that the Archangel Gabriel is commissioned to re-unite them, despite their opposite creeds, as twin rulers of a new-born star, which shall in future guide the destinies of faithful lovers here on earth! After which very satisfactory *dénouement*, Herr Luther, of the Berlin Observatory, starts out of his nap, discovers the long-sought planet, and names it *Fides*, as instructed by his dream; *ergo*, the Syndic of Düsseldorf has no hand in the matter, *Quod erat demonstrandum*. And this, so far as we can see, is the "please to fold me up again" of the story.

But, to speak in all seriousness, no amount of literary reputation, were it ten times greater than Signor Guerrazzi can boast of, can justify the publication of such extravaganzas as 'Fides.' The only apparent shadow of purpose in the whole book lies in the religious argument between the lovers, wherein, with his usual perverse ingenuity, Signor Guerrazzi makes the worse appear the better part in the strife of creeds and dogmas. But even this argument contains only "*crambe repetita*," which three-fourths of his readers must know by heart; stale *réchauffés* of Voltairianism, which we should conceive no one would much care to see dished up again at this time of day, especially in so incongruous a setting. And worst of all, in this the author's third manner, one feels a lamentable want of reality—a continual effort at getting up a scene—a mere surface-energy—a captious, impulsive, theatrical *sensiblerie*, which is (alas for Signor Guerrazzi's pet antipathies!) far more French than Tuscan.

That he can still do better if he will, is abundantly proved by parts of 'The Tower of Nonza,' the second tale on our list. But here, too, the Duessa of egotism must have her meal, and a hearty one too. Will our readers believe that out of 160 pages, no less than 65 are devoted to what we lately heard a gifted countryman of Signor Guerrazzi call "*uno sfogo di bile*" (anglicè, an explosion of ill-temper.) against all the powers of Europe, France as usual having the largest share of abuse? Having at last worked off these peccant humours, he condescends to give some curious and cleverly outlined sketches of Corsican life and manners, followed by a quaint, hearty narrative of the heroic defence of the ruinous fort of Nonza in 1768, by a gallant old one-legged captain, Giacomo Casella, who held the tower single-handed, and only surrendered it on terms of honourable capitulation to the French forces under the Comte de Grandmaison. Here, indeed, we recognize the same nervous touch which drew the fearful storm scene in 'Veronica Cybo,' and the character of sullen, wily, half-mad Duke Francesco, in 'Isabella Orsini.'

An unpretending bit of touching *soi-disant* autobiography again presents itself in the little tale called 'Pasquale Sottocorno,' remarkably full of its author's earlier merits and exempt from his more recent backslidings. It is the story of the poor Milanese cobbler, lame and sickly from his birth, who in the memorable days of the Milanese insurrection in 1848, set

fire to the Palazzo del Genio under a rain of Austrian bullets. This Pasquale Sottocorno, who died at Turin in great poverty two years ago, is made to relate the story of his daring feat on his death-bed, to a knot of kindly artisans who, of their poverty, have cherished and assisted him during his last illness. Simple narratives like this, are (if Signor Guerrazzi would only believe it) his special province; and it is for the sake of such occasional glimpses of his better self, that we are prone to tolerate many a weary page of that vituperative loquacity to which he too often trusts for fame.

In his fourth tale 'The Story of a Blue-bottle,' Signor Guerrazzi's *corde sensible* of irritable subjectivity seems somewhat deadened by contact with the rugged surroundings of his Corsican abode; but his propensity to rigmarole runs riot more potently than ever among the bleak hill-sides and frowning defiles of Corte and Soveria. Still in this story, as in 'The Tower of Nonza,' there are to be found here and there effective dashes of local colouring and peeps into the rude, comfortless, and too often blood-stained interior of a Corsican peasant home, with *vendetta* feuds, outlawry, and starvation in mountain fastnesses to lend it an uninviting spice of romance. But the grim legend at the close of the book, from which it takes its name, though well and in some respects powerfully told, is so clumsily tacked on to the rest of the story, that it seems like the handiwork of Scheherazade of interminable memory, with the Nickleby affluents strong upon her. The legend in question lies at the root of a popular superstition which devotes to universal execration and extermination every unlucky blue-bottle that buzzes his dunder-headed way into a smoky Corsican cabin. The doomed insect is considered to be an *avatar* of a certain extrawicked Count of Freto, who, in the eleventh century was lassoed and dragged across country at his horse's tail, by an insulted vassal, whose fellow-townsmen afterwards burned their lord's castle and murdered his only child, in revenge for a long course of hideous misrule and merciless oppression.

We were tempted to give an extract from this legend, as affording a good specimen of Signor Guerrazzi's less flighty narratives, but it is too long to be manageable. We have, therefore, preferred skipping a few centuries, and giving our readers a passage from 'The Tower of Nonza,' in which Signor Guerrazzi describes the modern representation of a real old Mystery-play acted by the peasants of the Corsican village of Canari on occasion of a wedding between two young lovers whose parents had recently patched up a *vendetta* of long standing. The play to be acted was 'Our Saviour's Passion,' a favourite piece on such occasions; the parts were duly cast, but the *properties* were of the slenderest.—

The most serious part of the business was the arrangement of the costumes: still by dint of exertion on the part of the whole village, they were got up at last. They rummaged out a pair of jack-boots for Pilate, somewhat full of holes, but still wearable. Ortoni—a village priest—lent him the uniform which had belonged to his grandfather who had been a captain in the Pope's Corsican guard, disbanded at Rome by order of Louis the Fourteenth. To make this the more splendid, they added to it two epaulettes, one of gold and one of silver. For his head-dress they twisted up some parti-coloured handkerchiefs into a turban; a woman's petticoat gathered round the waist and partly sewn up at the bottom served by way of loose trowsers, and so Pilate was duly equipped. Father Settembre (the village priest) could not be persuaded by fair means nor foul to lend his cassock to Caiaphas, and it was by a lucky chance that they teased him out of an old worn-out three-

cornered hat; but the hat alone appeared insufficient to show that Caiaphas was a priest, and high-priest of the synagogue to boot, for which reason they hunted out a sort of long gown of a reddish-brown colour for him, and as this was not enough, they added to it a beard made of goat's hair: a good hit this, but still not sufficient; then some one proposed putting him on a pair of spectacles, but another observed that spectacles were not in use in those days, whereupon they grew quite desperate about the matter. All of a sudden up rose the druggist and proposed that they should all go in a body to Father Settembre, and beg of him to lend them his breviary. Father Settembre hearing how that these reprobates wanted to put the breviary into Caiaphas's hand, presently seized his cane and pursued them with it all the way out into the street; but by chance they lighted on the notary, who took them to his house, and pulled down from the shelf the first book that came to hand, which, being found to be a volume of the decisions given by the Roman tribunal of the Holy Rota, they considered it far better suited to serve their turn than the breviary would have been. No dress could they find suitable for a King, although they hunted all through Capocorso for one. So Herod was forced to put up with *Sieco's* brown greatcoat and his wild-boar skin boots trimmed up with laurel leaves. Reflecting, however, that a King without a crown cannot be distinguished from the first low fellow he may chance to meet in the street, they decided on crowning him with *gilt* leaves. In this way they got over the worst difficulties, for as to the dresses of the three Marys, they were an easier matter, and in the same way the necessities of those who were to personate Christ and the Apostles were supplied as well as might be, with their wives' and mothers' petticoats and plenty of bed-quilts. But no good came of the angels, for the cords with which they were tied so as to keep them horizontally above the stage, happening to slip up underneath their arms, they all of a sudden assumed a perpendicular position; nor was this the worst of it, for the boys feeling the pressure of the cords, raised their arms above their heads, so that the sky seemed full of Y's, not by any means peaceable and quiet like those in the *Cris-cross* books, but yelling and kicking enough to frighten any one. The devils got on better, for they had to remain underneath the stage, and were, therefore, quite at their ease, till they were told they were wanted, when they had only to run up the steps, and so make their appearance with great propriety; and the most judicious among the audience were forced to confess that on this occasion the angels and the devils had changed parts.

There is no lack of fun in the account of the rehearsals and final representation of the Mystery, which ends, as may be supposed, in a quarrel and general "skrimmage" of the performers. But the wranglings and *contretemps* of the villagers, resolved on importing their own private sentiments into their respective parts, have, as our readers may guess, under Signor Guerrazzi's management, far too strong a flavour of irreverent jesting for us to venture on quoting further.

Signor Guerrazzi's recent works, with all their sins against good taste, nay, sometimes even against common sense, possess a certain strange vital force which has hitherto prevented them from falling dead. At least they deserve a glance from such English readers as wish to form a competent idea of the various phases of Italian contemporary literature, containing as they do the political and religious profession of faith of a large portion of the Cisalpine world.

Calendar of State Papers, 1623—25. Edited by Mary Anne Everett Green. (Longman & Co.)

A fourth volume of *Calendars of the Domestic Papers of James the First* completes the series for that reign. Mrs. Green's task is done, and she is engaged on other work. Merely to say that

the labour of compiling the *Calendars* had been performed swiftly, deftly, and knowingly, would in most cases be praise enough, but not so in Mrs. Green's case. Her conscience seems to have been at work as well as her hand. She has used her eyes and her pen with a sense of responsibility rare under all circumstances, and most rare, perhaps, in circumstances which, by their very nature, preclude immediate appreciation of honest skill and patience, or detection of ignorance and haste. Errors, no doubt, may be found in her *Calendars*; "to err is human"; but they are probably few in number, and trivial in character. We have gone over the original papers for nearly the whole reign, and we are in a position to pay Mrs. Green the tribute of our admiration and thanks.

On looking back at the four thick volumes which Mrs. Green has sent into the world, as the result of her devotion, we are struck anew with the magnificent extent of our historical records,—for the most part unused—unread—unknown historical records. Every one has heard the anecdote of Hume. The great writer went down to the Paper Office to look over the vouchers of that English history on which he had engaged his pen, but the extent of the collections frightened him away. Live to be old as Methusalem he could never read them through; and he preferred to write a book without the facts rather than not write a book at all. Yet Hume saw only a part of his difficulty. The reader with Mrs. Green's four volumes in hand may partly understand Hume's perplexity.

In about three thousand pages of solid type he will find himself introduced to a knowledge of the existence of about 25,000 documents of the Domestic Series of a single reign; all of which should be read by the general historian of that reign; many of them are in cipher, or in writing more puzzling than cipher. This is only one department even of the State Papers. Let the aspiring Hume go with us into the Foreign Department. Let him cast an eye over the long rows of bundles from Antigua to Zealand. Let him open one or two of these bundles—just as samples of the four or five hundred he may have to go through,—let him look at the handwriting and the ciphers—ciphers often without keys—letters without date or signature—yet of the utmost consequence when read as part of the series. Let him note the languages and dialects in which they are written,—Tuscan more crabbed than Dante's, Castilian to have driven Lopes mad, High Dutch and Low Dutch, Diplomatic Latin, Lingua Franca, the refuge of men who knew no language at all. When he has mastered twenty of these papers by way of exercise, let him go with us to the Department of Trade and Plantations (what we should now call Colonial Papers), and run his eye along the silent and dusty shelves, little disturbed by literary adventurers. On these shelves, we may tell him, lie unread, and almost unreadable, the official histories of every dependency of the English Crown—the long story of how America was founded, Australia discovered and settled, the Cape conquered—stories infinitely precious, and of the very blood and marrow of our history as a nation and as a race. Pass we to the Irish Papers—a collection unrivalled in extent and interest—containing a tale of insubordination and rebellion from the age in which Malachi wore the collar of gold down to that in which Mr. Smith O'Brien rose among the cabbages, and along the whole line alive with anecdotes and detail. Then there are Border Papers (with reports that read like prose versions of Chevy Chase, said to have made Sir Walter's eyes glisten), Sign Manuals, Deeds, Warrant

Books, and Ancient Maps (over which Hackluyt would have pored till he became blind),—a collection delightful and awful to contemplate. Yet we have scarcely exhausted the State Paper Office. We must go to other places to inspect the Star Chamber Papers—the Admiralty Papers—the Legal Records, the Privy Council Registers, the Guildhall Papers—and so through the public departments—not to speak of the Wills Office, the British Museum Collections, the Bodleian treasures,—each most extensive, and without a careful examination of which our bewildered Hume is in no condition to write his History of England. Ten lives, and the industry of ten Hallams, might carry him through this preliminary inquiry. He would then be able, with fair knowledge of its value, to begin and read the whole mass of the printed literature of the age. And this done, he could write his history of a single reign.

In such a way one sees most clearly the advantages of Calendars like these by Mrs. Green. They reduce enormously the labour of consultation. They do not supersede the reading of originals, but they save the pains and loss of reading and deciphering papers of no real interest for your purpose.

From the particular volume now open on our desk, and which brings down the story to the death of James, we shall make two or three extracts—just to show how sterling is the illustrative matter now for the first time brought to bear on the past. The first paper we transcribe throws new light on a point of our dramatic history. It is known that when Prince Charles returned from his romantic expedition to Madrid in search of a wife, popular hate against Spain and against her Ambassador Gondomar took the most insulting and extravagant shapes. Ballads of which Gondomar was the hero were sung in every tavern, and a play in which he appeared by name was brought out at the Globe Theatre. The play was Middleton's 'Game of Chess'; Philip the Third, Gondomar, and the Archbishop of Spalatro figured in the drama, very little to the credit or comfort of such illustrious persons. The success was startling. No play had ever drawn such houses as 'The Game of Chess.' Nobles from the Strand and Puritans from Blackfriars flocked over the water to Bankside to see the Spanish conspiracy laid bare. Those who meant to secure seats had to be at the doors by one o'clock. The players took more than a hundred pounds each day—a sum never reached before, even when Shakespeare drew the town to a new play. People went to see Gondomar strut, to hear him rave. The actors made him up with a peculiar care; buying some of his old clothes and the litter of his house; so as to present him "in his habit as he lived." These new particulars we glean from two unpublished letters—one from Sir Francis Nethersole to Sir Dudley Carleton, London, August 14, 1624, and another from Chamberlain to Carleton, London, August 21. Gondomar flew to the King, and by the King's command Mr. Secretary Conway wrote the following note to the Privy Council:—

"Conway to Privy Council.

"May it please your Lordships,—His Majesty hath received information from the Spanish Ambassador of a very scandalous comedy acted publicly by the King's players, wherein they take the boldness and presumption, in a rude and dishonourable fashion, to represent on the stage the persons of His Majesty the King of Spain, the Conde de Gondomar, the Bishop of Spalatro, &c. His Majesty remembers well there was a commandment and restraint given against the representing of any modern Christian kings in those stage plays, and wonders much both at the boldness now taken by that company and also that it hath been permitted to be foreacted, and that the first notice thereof

should be brought to him by a foreign ambassador, while so many ministers of his own are thereabouts, and cannot but have heard of it. His Majesty's pleasure is, that your Lordships presently call before you as well the poet that made the comedy as the comedians that acted it, and, upon examination of them, to commit them, or such of them as you shall find most faulty, unto prison, if you find cause, or otherwise take security for their forthcoming, and then certify His Majesty what you find that comedy to be, in what points it is most offensive, by whom it was made, by whom licensed, and what course you think fittest to be held for the exemplary and severe punishment of the present offenders, and to restrain such insolent and licentious presumption for the future. This is the charge I have received from His Majesty; and with it I make bold to offer to your Lordships the humble service of your Lordships' most humble servant,

"Aug. 12, 1624."

An abstract of this note is entered in the Privy Council Register, where it was seen by Mr. Collier, and transferred to his account of this 'Game of Chess' ('Annals of the Stage,' i. 449). The note itself is in the mass of precious Conway Papers restored to the nation by the late Wilson Croker. The reply of the Council is in the same collection; and the papers now made available add considerably to the very scanty materials existing for Middleton's life.

Connected with the contemporary gossip of the London stage—closely enough to find a place in every History of the Stage or of Dramatic Literature—is the fearful accident at the Blackfriars, Nov. 5, 1623. Camden, alive at the time, says the theatre fell in and killed eighty-two of the spectators; but he was in error as to the playhouse. The house that fell was the one next to the French Ambassador's and the Blackfriars theatre. It was being used for a great conference of the Roman Catholics, the first they had been allowed to hold publicly in London for sixty years, and the common people rejoiced over the calamity as a visible chastisement from heaven. Several ballads and pamphlets celebrated the event; but Government, busy with the project of a match for Prince Charles, and courting the Spaniards and the Pope, suppressed these expressions of public joy. One or two prints remain; including a broadside of descriptive verse, which is preserved in the Library of the Society of Antiquaries, and has been partly reprinted by Mr. Collier ('Annals of the Stage,' i. 400). The following letter contains a number of hitherto unknown particulars:—

"Chamberlain to Carleton.

"My very good Lord,—The next day after I wrote last here fell out a pitiful accident in the Blackfriars, where the Papists had hired a house next to the French ambassador's (that so they might be as it were under his protection), to hold their assemblies, say Mass, meet at sermons, and perform all other their exercises and rites after the Romish manner. A great multitude being met there on the 26th of the last month to hear Father Drurie, a famous Jesuit among them, preach in an upper room, the floor sunk under them, or rather the beams and joists not able to bear the weight broke in the midst, being otherwise found upon search and view no way faulty or rotten, but strong and sound. Many perished, partly battered and bruised, but most part smothered, for the first floor fell with such violence that it broke down a second under it, though the walls and roof stirred not, but stand firm. Besides Father Drurie and one Riddiah, another Jesuit, the Lady Webbe (sister to Sir Lewis Tresham), Mrs. Sonniers, and some few young gentlemen, we hear of none but mean people, to the number of ninety-five, or thereabout, though some speak of more, for in the first confusion many were conveyed away by their friends, and said to be concealed. If the day had not been so very foul, many greater persons had

been taken in the trap; but God provided better for them, though the Papists gave out it was a great blessing for them that perished, because their dying in this manner is a *superseedeas* from purgatory, and that they are gone directly to heaven,—and their priests will not allow it to be called or thought a judgment, but only a work of God. A number were hurt, maimed, and lost their limbs, who found little help or comfort at first, our people being grown so savage and barbarous that they refused to assist them with drink, aqua vite, or any other cordials in their necessity, but rather insulted upon them with taunts and gibes in their affliction as they were carried away all that evening and the night following (for the mischance fell about four o'clock in the afternoon, about the middle of their sermon), and even in Cheapside, where they should be more civil, they were ready to pull and tear them out of the coaches as they passed to their lodgings or to the surgeon's; but there was as good order taken as might be on the sudden to repress the insolency and inhumanity of the multitude and for relief of the distressed. The next day toward evening all that were left, to the number of sixty and odd, were buried in two pits made in the court and garden of the house, where that night were two black crosses erected, but taken away by order of the Council a day or two after. I heard the Lady Webbe was buried with great solemnity at the Spanish ambassador's in Ely House Chapel,—the rest in other churches as their friends could procure. We look for some relation of this mishap in print, and there was one two days since, but presently called in again, for what reason I know not. Much discoursing here is of all the circumstances belonging to this business,—some descant much of the day being their 5th of November,—but in my judgment nothing is more remarkable than that this was the first so solemn assembly of theirs that I have known or heard of in England these three-score years and more, and whereby you may see how bold and forward they are upon a little nuisance, and yet it should seem they have better assurance than we are aware of. I commend our preachers' carriage in this accident, for generally they do not dilate nor aggravate it very much,—and for those that I have heard, if they touch it at all, they do it temperately and charitably. The French ambassador, though this mischance was so near him, had no manner of loss nor any of his people; he himself was not at home when it fell out, being gone to visit the Venetian ambassador,—and upon the news removed his lodging to the Earl of Marche's in Drury Lane, where he yet continues, for aught I hear."

"Nov. 8, 1623."

We stumble on a pretty bit of documentary illustration of the early life of Edward Hyde, the great Earl of Clarendon. In his Memoirs the historian of the Civil War tells us how he failed to become a collegian, and succeeded in taking his place at the bar. The younger son of a younger son, Clarendon had his fortune in the world to seek, and his friends thought he would be off their hands if they could get him elected a demy of Magdalen College. With three or four uncles and cousins at the Bar, and one or two relations in the House of Commons, it was not difficult to obtain for him from the king a letter recommendatory to Dr. Langton, President of Magdalen. This letter, we see, was written from Windsor, on the 6th of July, 1623. Langton, as Clarendon tells us ('Autobiography,' Part I. 8), took no notice of the royal mandate, and the election went against him. Conway then interfered, reprehending Langton "for giving no more respect to the King's letter," and bent, at least in part, the neck of that stubborn ecclesiastic. Conway's letter we have also found; and offer it as a curious illustration of the mode in which the Crown then interfered, even in the most trivial cases, with the rights of corporate bodies:—

"Sec. Conway to Dr. Langton, President of Magdalen College, Oxford.

"Nov. 27, 1623.

"Sir,—His Majesty was pleased, at the instance

of a servant of his, of special trust and respect with him, to recommend unto you one Hyde, a young scholar, to be admitted a demy of that College. I am since given to understand that letter took not effect, which seems so strange unto me, who cannot think that His Majesty's royal letters, bringing a request of so easy passage and small importance, can find so much disrespect, as I have taken upon me, in respect to you, to give this intimation, that the party that procured that letter hath ready and very good means to acquaint His Majesty with the success of that his gracious recommendation, and to stir up in him a sense and apprehension of anything that may savour of undutifulness or neglect. And, therefore, because I cannot conceive that there can be any reasons insisted upon to countenance the denial of so mean a request coming so recommended, especially where His Majesty will take notice of the proceedings, and both require and examine the account, I do wish that for your own sake, and to avoid any displeasure from His Majesty, you would give a real satisfaction in this particular, without further scruple or delay. This I urge not unto you for any interest I have in the youth not known unto me, but because I would be loath to be employed in delivering you any unacceptable message from His Majesty, to whom I had much rather represent your dutiful obedience, receive his gracious thanks for you, and serve you faithfully in the condition of your assured friend and servant."

Langton gave way, and Hyde was elected. But he gained nothing by his success: for "that whole year passed without any avoidance of a demy's place, which was never known before in any man's memory, and that year King James died."

In the papers now made accessible by Mrs. Green's Calendars there are numerous references to Wotton, Jonson, Donne, and the poets, as well as to Bacon, Raleigh, Coke, and other men connected with public life and letters. The Calendar is in the highest degree valuable and attractive.

A Tour in Dalmatia, Albania, and Montenegro; with an Historical Sketch of the Republic of Ragusa, from the Earliest Times down to its Final Fall. By W. F. Wingfield, M.A. (Bentley.)

SINCE 1853, the year of Mr. Wingfield's tour, Dalmatia and Montenegro have acquired an interest for politicians as well as antiquaries, or those more aimless tourists who seek for new sensations in places little visited.—At the moment, every inch, so to say, of hem and fringe that borders the Empire of Austria is sure to be scanned and studied with minute eagerness; thus this book is well timed. It is pleasantly written, light in hand to read:—without being frivolous. We must make room for a scene or two; and then turn over the book to the historical or picturesque reader:—

"Zara recalls to mind Venice. The same courts, with wells for rain-water in the centre; the same comparatively lofty houses, and narrow streets for foot-passengers only; the same piazza, on a reduced scale, with its hall of justice, its church, even its *cafés*; the same Oriental marble columns scattered about; the bell-towers; the Byzantine churches, dedicated to saints not only of the New, but also of the Old Testament; and the same favourite French improvement of modern days, 'public gardens,' in front of which are some excellent and very handsome stone wells of spring water, the greatest boon, probably, bestowed by the nineteenth century on ancient 'Jadera.' I went into the church of St. Simeon the prophet, whose entire body is said to be here preserved in a magnificent silver sarcophagus behind the high altar, supported on angels, which were once likewise of the same precious metal, until the Municipium on some occasion sold them, and substituted a baser metal. The body was exposed to view through a crystal, or, as some assert, Venetian glass window, to public veneration at a particular hour every day during the solemnization of

the festival, which was then going on, but I had not the fortune to arrive at the right time to see it. Large pictures, after the Venetian schools of Art, describe the legend of Queen Elizabeth of Hungary, who was the donor of the sarcophagus. Zara was then under Hungarian rule, and she came there to venerate the body of St. Simeon, which was accordingly exposed before her. Suddenly the idea seized her of appropriating one of the fingers, which she accordingly broke off the dry but otherwise perfectly preserved hand, and hastily concealed in her bosom. Instantly it became full of worms, and the queen fainted with horror. When she was sufficiently recovered, acknowledging her error, she reverently replaced it upon the hand, to which it adhered as naturally as though it had never been removed. The silver coffin, &c. was her gift, as an offering of expiation for what she had once dared to attempt. Another miracle, in more modern times, is also related to have taken place at this shrine when the French were in possession, in the days of Napoleon the First. The object of the thief, however, on this occasion, was simply plunder. A party of French soldiers had been despatched under an officer, by the commandant, to bring away the precious metal. The officer made two attempts: first, he was seized with a universal tremor; the second time, his arm was struck with paralysis. On this, he prudently desisted from the enterprise, and presently recovered. St. Simeon is the patron saint, or, as they call it, 'gonfaloniero,' of Zara. The interior of the church was fine, and glittering after Dalmatian fashion for the festival. The dresses of the people were certainly not less ornamental. The men often exhibited the old Austrian pigtail, tied with ribbon, appearing from beneath a red or black and gold-embroidered and tasselled cap, their loose trousers blue, with red edgings, and a red waistcoat, with jacket slung on hussar fashion. The women's heads were covered with white kerchiefs, bordered with a red stripe or hem, thrown loosely on; and they wore purple polkas trimmed with red, purple 'krilo' or petticoat, and their *opankës* laced with scarlet. All the peasantry on this coast, from Fiume inclusive, wear, not shoes, but the *opankë*, which is made of a sort of untanned (but otherwise prepared) hide, tied on with thongs, the sole projecting beyond the foot, and admirably suited to protect it on these stony hills."

Here are a town and a waterfall, which will be new to many of the best travelled among us:—

"The last rays of the sun were falling horizontally upon us, as its 'golden core' sank beneath the blue waters of the Adriatic, when, at the bottom of a steep path leading through a rugged and narrow gully, we found ourselves on the shore of an inland sea-water lake, or rather *embouchure* of the river Kerka, and sat down to wait for the ferry. To the left, through a narrow Bosphorus, the water found its way out into a second similar lake whence it finally emerged into the fine harbour of Sebenik. To the right rolled slowly along the deep flood of the Kerka, as wide, perhaps, as the Thames above London; while opposite, the last gleam of the setting sun drew one's attention to the middle-age city of Skardona, lying on a little promontory, stretching into the lake. This was not the site of the more ancient city. That stood on the shores of the outer estuary, called Proclia, where I was told Cyclopean ruins were still to be discovered in serene weather, below the water-level. Behind the more modern town rise two rugged-looking castles, of the rudest construction. This country abounds in such, and it appears, by contemporary documents,—so I was told by the well-informed Pretor of Skardona—they were raised by the peasants, like the Tabors of Carniola, at the time of the first Turkish marauding incursions. They are provided neither with doors nor windows, but are entered by means of a ladder, at a sort of square opening on the first or second floor, which thus serves instead of gate and draw-bridge; the ladder being drawn up after the entrance of the garrison. The same sort of entrance existed formerly at the old castle of Luegg, in Carniola, between Trieste and Laibach; and another is still visible and ready for use at Cetinja, in Montenegro. As a means of personal protection, they

were more or less available; but they could not protect the lands around, which were ravaged and destroyed by the Turks, who only suffered these castles to escape when there was nothing within them to compensate for the trouble and loss of a siege. The sound of the Angelus bell came 'soft and silvery' across the water, and the deepening shadows of evening advanced apace as we seated ourselves, somewhat less fresh than when we left Sebenik, upon some great stones by the water's edge, awaiting the advent of the ferry-boat; of which at present there were no traces visible on the opposite side—about a mile distant. A group of girls and women, in their pretty characteristic dresses, had come up and were waiting, like ourselves to get across; while, close to the shore on our left, a man in a boat with a shoulder-of-mutton sail, was filling a hoghead from skins of wine, which three or four asses had brought to this, their place of embarkation for Skardona. He offered us a cup, which we accepted with gratitude, after a walk of ten miles under a broiling sun, and found it an excellent sort of red 'Maraschino,' which bore witness to the fact that a rocky soil does not injure the quality of wine. * * When we had reached the landing-place I went up straight to the 'Pretorium,' having a letter from head-quarters, i.e., Zara, to the Pretor, as he is called. Now I should premise that, after leaving Sebenik, no one was to be met with who could speak any language but Dalmatian, that is, Slave. German was quite unknown, and a few words of Italian the utmost one ever met with; hence the reader may judge of my surprise when the Pretor, a gentleman about thirty, and not at first distinguishable from any ordinary Austrian *employé*, after reading my letter, addressed me fluently in English! He had learned, he said, nearly twelve years ago at Vienna; and though, during an eight or ten years' residence in these parts, he had very, very rarely met with any opportunity of practising it, was still quite *au fait* at doing so, whenever an occasion did present itself. * * The falls were an hour distant up the Kerka, and it was already twilight; in the morning I must be off in the grey unless I meant to lose my place in the steamer, and my reputation with its company. So we engaged a four-oared cutter to be in attendance, and as soon as night was fairly set in, i.e., about half-past seven, started for the falls, he kindly leaving some fifty letters—the unhappy fate of Austrian *employés*—to be written, instead of sleeping on his return. The moon was brightening as we left Skardona; it was already brilliant at our arrival beneath the falls; and when we reached the heights above, shed magnificently its pale but clear light over the whole expanse of foam and spray, as it leapt down a hundred different cascades, over rocks, through trees and wooded islands, in an ample crescent to the foamy level below. Reckoning in the whole of its subdivisions, it must be considerably wider than the Rhine at Schaffhausen; unless, indeed, I were deceived by the moon's poetic rays. The effect was lovely; and I had every reason to be contented that I had persevered in the resolution of coming on from Sebenik; though there is little doubt that it would be yet more beautiful by daylight, enriched as it must then be by all the thousand colours of the surrounding landscape."

The above passages,—if not the mere announcement of the title, will send all who love to read about foreign parts, and to dream over unfamiliar holiday-routes to come (Peace permitting!) to Mr. Wingfield's book.

Letters from the Highlands; or, Two Months among the Salmon and the Deer. By James Conway. (Lumley.)

Of the dozen letters which go to the making-up of this light volume, one-half has already appeared in print. There remains, however, quite enough of matter of interest in the remaining portion to induce us to direct towards it the attention of our readers. The book is written without pretension, and, besides containing illustrations and incidents of sport connected with the deer and the salmon, has a certain value in recording local customs, gene-

rally unknown, but which have more than a local interest, and which, but for sportsmen and travellers with acute observation, would remain unrevealed to the world at large.

The lord of the flood and the monarch of the wood who share the especial notice of Mr. Conway, his rod and gun, perhaps tax more of the patience of their would-be destroyers or capturers than any other animal pursued by man for food or pastime. It is familiar enough to us all, from experience or reading, that salmon have often, ere now, exhausted the strength and patience of the angler, whose hook they hold in their uneasy jaws. On the other hand, the minitiated are not given to suspect that a deer, whose quietus can be effected by a swift and certain shot, is likely to tax the powers of endurance of the eager man who holds the fowling-piece. But there is just this difference between the patience demanded in the two cases: the skilful salmon angler, dropping his line where salmon abound, is sure of hooking his prey. It is when he has caught his fish (if it be a large one) that the trial commences of his patience and his strength; a trial in which many a stout man has been worried. It is not so with the deer-stalker. His trial commences before he has got within reach of his quarry. He must lie for hours on his stomach, motionless and voiceless, waiting for a shot, which he can only have when the wind blows from the direction in which the deer may be towards himself. Even then, perhaps after six or eight hours of weary watching of this grievous sort, for so it has seemed to our own experience, the wind has only to shift for a moment in a direction from the ambushed hunter towards the stag (and it is almost sure to do so in a deer country), when the delicate sense of the latter becomes alarmed, and conscious of danger being near, he flings up his broad nostrils to the breeze, and gains conviction of the unpleasant odour of peril, from which he cautiously withdraws, or escapes by a series of graceful bounds in the direction of security. A day's patience, with such a return for it at the close, is one of the most disagreeable incidents to be met with in our Scottish Highlands, and it is not among the most uncommon.

There is one way, however, pointed out here by which a salmon may be himself worn out, while his tired captor is snugly in bed, which is novel and noticeable:—

"I lately heard the confessions of a shepherd, within whose shieling I had accidentally discovered, carefully concealed beneath the heather thatch, a home-made but serviceable salmon-rod. He owned he had a great fondness for the sport, having been born and grown up in those halcyon days when every poor man was free to feed wife and bairns on the salmon from the stream that bowled by his door; and he still had, he admitted, an occasional harmless cast, which I, for my part, could not grudge him. The fiercest struggle with a fish he 'minded,' was one which continued through a whole night. Having in the evening hooked a very large salmon, and his line being but short, he was forced 'to bow to the blast,' as he expressed himself, in the hopes that he might eventually weary the creature out. At first he had fairly to fling his rod into the water, which the fish, rushing up the stream, dragged after it. He then by wading recovered his rod, and for a time offered a slight resistance, when on a sudden rush he had again to relinquish his hold. In this way the fight went on, by fits and starts. And at length, after repeatedly wading the river to follow his rod, and renew the resistance, he resolved, seeing that the hook was so securely fixed, to go home, and leave the fish to weary itself, which he accordingly did. Returning next morning, he was at first disappointed in finding no trace of either rod or fish, but presently he discovered the former some hundred yards further up the stream; and on grasping it, found the salmon still

attached to it, and considerably humbled by the night of anxiety and restlessness. The stream, being a rapid one, had always kept the rod *alive*, and the fish therefore ill at ease, and a few moments' fighting brought him to terms; 'and a bonnier fish I ne'er saw,' said Andrew, 'and mony a day the gude wife and the wee anes dined on him.'"

Occasionally the fish fight a drawn-battle with perhaps more formidable opponents than man; and tradition tells us of an eagle swooping down upon his huge scaled prey, plunging his talons therein, and finding it too heavy to lift, and unable to extricate the too-deeply compromised talons, being carried fairly out to sea by the salmon, to sink with his enemy to the bottom!

One's sympathy usually goes with the assailed, particularly when the winged assailant stoops upon the younglings of the flock. Let us, however, be just to the eagle. It is not often that he covets or carries off a lamb. As Mr. Conway remarks, "his attacks are chiefly confined to the mountain-hare, which in some districts is so very numerous, and so destructive to the pasture intended for the sheep, that it requires thinning; and thus the eagle, instead of being a subject fit only for extirpation, seems rather to remove a nuisance, and befriends the cause of the farmer."

Of course, where there is sport there will not only be sportsmen but poachers. This is, preeminently, the case in England, if we may venture to describe by the opprobrious name of poachers the hungry men who take the food that God and Nature have given to no one proprietor in particular. We will, however, let the word stand as we have written it, premising only that Scottish poachers, like the two thieves in the old story, can lie like truth, and so save their consciences. We now refer to a particular

"pious fraud commonly resorted to by poachers, in order that, in case they should be caught, and tried before a justice for deer-killing, each may be able to swear conscientiously that, though in the company of his friend, he did not see him perpetrate the offence. A couple go out together, and share between them the sport and the danger in the following manner. When a deer is discovered, one of them, according to previous agreement, creeps in to have the first shot, while the other averts his head or keeps out of sight, that, should the shot prove fatal, he may not be a witness. Should the deer be only wounded, they then change places, and the second takes the task in hand, his friend now in turn holding aloof and avoiding the sight."

We have alluded to the notices of local customs contained in this volume. Here is one which is common to the Highlands of Scotland and to various portions of Hindostan:—

"There is an old custom prevalent in these primitive regions, anent the names of individuals. Supposing a man to be called by his Christian name, his surname is gradually lost sight of, while his children receive his Christian name as their own surname. Whether this extends so far as the parish-register, I am unable to say; but it certainly is so in common parlance, and everyday intercourse. For instance, a lad who sometimes attends me in my rambles, as a gilly, is the son of Lachlan Ross. Lachlan himself however has long since lost every name but his Christian one, abbreviated into Lucky; and his son, instead of being Johnny Ross, is Johnny Lucky. Our friend the fox-hunter is a similar instance. His name is Archibald McDonald; but Gillespie being the Gaelic for Archibald, the surname is dropped, and he is always addressed as Gillespie; while his son, instead of being Donald McDonald, is Donald Gillespie. This probably is a practice which has grown into use from the difficulty of distinguishing individuals where, as used formerly to be the case almost universally, and as is so still in some localities, the same name belongs in common to many different persons, often not con-

nected at all, or only by such remote links as would puzzle any but a Scot to discover."

We say "farewell" to Mr. Conway with a hope of meeting him again; meanwhile, we turn from rod and gun to other and different matters.

The Noble and Gentle Men of England; or, Notes touching the Arms and Descents of the Ancient Knightly and Gentle Houses of England, arranged in their respective Counties. Attempted by Evelyn Philip Shirley, Esq., M.A., one of the Knights of the Shire for the County of Warwick. (Nichols & Sons.)

GENEALOGY is a dry study only in the hands of dry men; and a useless study only in the hands of dull men. Its connexion with science, by the questions which it opens of hereditary character and influence,—with history, by the lights which it throws on the government of kingdoms and the motives of statesmen,—with poetry and romance, by the curious accumulation of material which it can supply to these arts,—ought to save it from imputation. The world will esteem it more highly, if it ever attains anything like the ideal which Plato wanted in government,—if genealogists should study the philosophy of their science, or if philosophers should condescend to study genealogy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Shirley gives us a valuable contribution to one branch of the subject. Though the literature of English genealogy is immense, there is surprisingly little of it which can be called popular. In recent times, however, Brydges, Craik, Bernard Burke, and Lord Lindsay have done something to remove from the subject the stigma of hopeless dullness. Mr. Shirley follows these writers up, and does so in an original way. His plan more resembles that of Prince Dolgorouky's 'Russian Families' than any hitherto carried out in English. First of all, he only deals with houses of the most thorough antiquity, and still flourishing amongst us,—and, secondly, he only gives a summary of the facts about these, without detailing genealogies easily seen in larger works. So that the book is quite business-like in its way,—is a handy compendium of information about our best "blood," serviceable to those who know the subject, and perfectly intelligible to everybody else. To adopt a bold image,—in this neat little quarto you may see the real "blood" of the country at a glance, as portably and transparently as it were claret in a crystal jug!

But what is the real blood of the country? That is a question which, as Dr. Johnson says, "has long divided the wise and perplexed the good," whenever, of course, these worthies have meddled with it. When does a family begin to be old? Shall we take our oak-trees as standards, for instance? Mr. Shirley has long considered the point, and draws his line at 1500,—beyond which date your house must have been established before it becomes venerable in his eyes. *Cross the line*, and, like the sailor, you have become initiated into his aristocratic system. Nor is it without reason that he has hit on such a date. He does not wish to take in mere Reformation families, with genealogical trees fattening on church lands.

But so rigid is Mr. Shirley, that he is not content only with assigning a remote date. His families must also be in the male line. Bradwardine was not more sensitive on that point. What will our fair readers say to so exclusive a principle? Nevertheless, it is soundly feudal, and in genealogical literature highly convenient. Not to dwell on the likeness between namesakes of the same house

visible after many different marriages,—not to hint at Abd-el-Kader's opinion respecting Arab horses,—the way in which female descents have been used of late years has become a public nuisance. A thimbleful of Norman blood, mixed and again mixed with far more modest *taps*, has so stirred the ambition of certain worthies possessing it, as to fill our society with Bohuns and Montfichets, whose real names are Podger and Higg. The prefixes of "Fitz" and "De" have been fixed like bodies of gold upon feet of clay. We might be content to laugh at all this, if it were not often made the ground of false deduction in things political, as of false precedence in things social. So, Mr. Shirley deals only with those who bear the names of their direct ancestors,—names which represent their real rank in the history of England,—omitting many a high-sounding appellation which hides, after all, a descent from a "corporation fool" or a "villain regardant" in the county where the magnate is established.

When all these tests—male line, legitimate line, a county pedigree before 1500, the possession of land now,—have been applied to the alloyed gold of English aristocracy, the result is curious. Remembering that in the Conqueror's days there were 700 tenants in *capite*, and 60,000 holders of knights' fees, we look round broad England eager to see the plume of chivalry visible over the stormy waves of time.

Apparent rari nantes in gurgite vasto.

Mr. Shirley gives us a list of peers and gentry—amounting in round numbers to about 325—of which many, of course, are lost sight of long before you go back from A.D. 1500 to 1066. We do not think the list absolutely accurate, but still it is substantially so. Three hundred and twenty-five is somewhere about the mark of the ancient landholders in all the counties of England. It is curious to observe the difference of numbers in the different counties. In Cheshire, Mr. Shirley enumerates twenty—which is the *maximum*. In Leicestershire and Suffolk, seven or eight is the mark; in Berkshire, three; in Buckinghamshire, four. Some counties have no ancient families at all.

A few remarks on the general subject may be worth making *à propos* of a work which is sure to attract a good deal of attention in a country like this. To begin with, though there are a good many ancient families among the gentry, the best, as a class, are in the Peerage;—a fact not the less true because it runs counter to popular notions. Again, the difficulty of identifying the *race* of many of the founders of the old gentry, is noticeable. If an old peer can be got at all near to the Conquest, he is generally—like the Talbots, St. Johns, Berkeleys, Byrons—a known Norman in root. With regard to the gentry, however, many end at last in a sub-tenant or other feudal dependent whose origin is doubtful. The old gentry of England, in fact, with the exception of a few cadets of baronial houses like the Ferrerses, Wakes, Blounts, and Gurneys, seem mostly to have sprung from the vassals of the Norman chiefs. Of these, some would be dispossessed Saxons; others inferior Normans, or adventurers from Anjou, Brittany, Flanders, &c. But it is only to the very old lines that even this origin can be assigned. Families which rose (as some were always rising) during the decay of the feudal system must have risen from sources almost inaccessible even to conjecture. It is a curious thought that if an old Mortimer or Marshal could awake from under his "brass" in an ancient church, he would find the descendants of many a sharp steward, many a thrifty serf of his own, flourishing in splendour upon his domains.

We have already given its due share of praise

to Mr. Shirley's book. It is carefully and elegantly prepared from the best authorities, and will take a definite place in genealogical literature. But it is not impregnable altogether to criticism. Take the following paragraph on a house equally famous in ancient and in modern times, that of Grey:—

"Nichols begins the pedigree of this great historical family with Rolla or Fulbert, Chamberlain to Robert Duke of Normandy, who held of his gift the Castle of Croy, in Picardy, from whence the name is derived."

Mr. Shirley should not have accepted this figment, which Nichols uncritically copied from older writers. The first certainly-ascertained ancestor of the Greys was Henry de Grey, who obtained Thurrock, in Essex, from *Cœur-de-Lion*. Not only is there no reason for tracing him to Fulbert-le-Pelletier, but there are respectable grounds for concluding him to have come from a family of "Gray," in a parish of that name in the Bessin,—represented in Domesday by "Anschitillus," a sub-tenant in Oxfordshire. See '*Recherches sur le Domesday, &c.*' par MM. Lechaudé-D'Anisy, et De St-Marie. Caen, 1842.

An oversight less easily explained is the omission in Mr. Shirley's book of two such names as Devereux and Hastings—both surviving in the male line in the Lords Hereford and Huntingdon, who surely fulfil all the conditions laid down in the Preface? And it is careless to speak of the Gurneys of Keswick as being "supposed" to come from the Gournays of Normandy,—a fact of which there is direct legal proof, as we had occasion to remark in reviewing the '*Supplement to the Record of the House of Gournay*,' by Mr. Gurney of Runcton, in these columns. Nor does Mr. Shirley always adhere to his own principles of selection and rejection. Having excluded the Herberts for the illegitimacy in their line, he should not have forgotten the same hitch in the line of Byron,—to which the poet himself has an obvious allusion, once, in his '*Don Juan*.'

These, however, are not fatal, nor are they numerous objections. The extreme difficulty of minute accuracy in such works is known to all who have any acquaintance with genealogy. The patriarch Dugdale himself, "founder of genealogical science," as Gibbon (who seems to have liked the subject) calls him, often provokes his admirers. We are rather surprised that we should have so little to censure in a book of this nature, and we commend it to the attention of those who want reliable information about English families neatly and gracefully summarized.

The Convalescent. By N. Parker Willis. (Low & Co.)

THE last time we met Mr. Willis was in the mazes of a sentimental American art-novel, which was neither very merry nor very wise. How pleasant it is to encounter him as having come forth from the labyrinth, we need not tell. This parlour-window (or *arbour-door*) book of his is as much to our liking as its predecessor was the contrary.—Mannered, no doubt, it is; but the mannerism of Mr. Willis has mellowed, if not simplified itself. The influences of time, sickness, country life, are to be traced in these pages. The heart that never wanted in good nature has gained in wisdom. There is an *afternoon*-tone about the book,—not that of the land (dear to all lovers of Indolence)

—where it was always afternoon, but something sobered—not therefore dull,—quiet—not for that drowsy;—and, though it be merely, like many of Mr. Willis's books, a col-

lection of scattered papers, it may, and we think should, live among the miscellanies which (to return) we are glad to take up in the parlour-window or at the arbour-door.

Those who read will think thus perhaps when they look at the condensation of some twenty pages, devoted by Mr. Willis to a "penicilling" of his visit to Mr. Washington Irving, with whom, it may be said, he is now connected by marriage:—

"'Wolfert's Dell,' you know, the residence of Moses Grinnell, who, with his nephew, married nieces of Mr. Irving, adjoins Sunnyside; in fact, but for the invisible lines of legal demarcation it is the same place—there being no fences between, and the gravel-path, from door to door, being like a well-contrived shade-tangle in a partly wooded lawn. The Joseph Grinnells (on their way home to New Bedford after passing a week with us) were to dine at their brother's, meeting Mr. Irving; and, business taking me to town the day before, I arranged to join them there—the 'up' and 'down' morning trains very nearly crossing at Irvington. * * * We were at Irvington in an hour.—Mr. Irving was as yet invisible; and our host, taking advantage of the cooler temperature of the hour, made signal for his row-boat.—We took the gravel-walk to Mr. Irving's. The quaint problem of his house unfolded as we approached it—the gables, pinnacles and porches, with their climbing ivy, the single tower with its dormer windows, and the deep shade covering it all with an atmosphere contemplatively mellow—though it had a charm for me (and one which, with all his eager interest the chance visitor must bring away), that the structure is not wholly comprehensible.—Under the small portico at the entrance we found seated, with their books and work, a group of Mr. Irving's household of nieces, one of whom, at present an invalid, on a visit to her former home, is the wife of my own wife's brother. * * * Mr. Irving came out while we were exchanging salutations with the group under the porch—his true and easy step, pliant motion, admirable spontaneity of good spirits and quiet simplicity of address, giving him the presence of a man of half his age. This impression was somewhat corroborated, no doubt, by the summer airiness of his dress and a certain juvenescence that there will always be about light walking shoes and a low-crowned straw hat—somewhat, too, perhaps, by the unchanged erectness and compactness of his well-proportioned figure.—He leaned against one of the pillars of the piazza, chatting with us to the tune of soft air, foliage and sunshine; till, the conversation turning upon the architecture of the house, he took me into his library to see the drawing of it, as first built. There was, of course, a spell in the atmosphere of this inner sanctuary. It was on the north side; and the clustering ivy and foliage at the windows contributed to the mellowed thoughtfulness of the light. At the spacious writing-table in the centre stood the one comfortable arm-chair, with the accustomed blotting-sheet, askew at the working angle, between it and the inkstand; and of this blotting-sheet, by the way, (nothing legible upon it except two or three little sums in arithmetic, ciphered out upon the corners), I begged the possession! It was the first time I had ever asked for an autograph, I believe; but, remembering a new volume of my daughter's, and seeing at once what a treasure of an addition to it this memorial would be, I begged that he would give it me, writing his name first upon the least-specked margin. Deprecatorily insisting, for a while, that the autograph should, at least, be upon a clean sheet of paper, he finally complied; giving me, meantime, unsuspectingly, a priceless picture to store away in my memory—*himself seated writing at his table*. * * * Our conversation for the half hour that we sat in that little library, turned, first, upon the habits of literary labour. Mr. Irving, in reply to my inquiry (whether like Rip Van Winkle, he had 'arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity'), said 'no'—that he had sometimes worked even fourteen hours a day, but that he usually sits in his study, occupied, from breakfast till dinner (both of us agreeing, that, in literary vegetation the 'do' is on in the morning); and, that

he should be sorry to have much more leisure. He thought, indeed, that he should 'die in harness.' He never had a headache—that is, in his workshop never gave him any trouble—but, among the changes which time has wrought, one, he says, is very decided; the desire of travel is dead within him. The days are past when he could sleep or eat anywhere with equal pleasure; and he goes to town as seldom as possible. * * * He was never more astonished, he said, than at the success of the 'Sketch-Book.' His writing of those stories was so unlike an inspiration—so entirely without any feeling of confidence which could be prophetic of their popularity. Walking with his brother, one dull, foggy Sunday, over Westminster Bridge, he got to telling the old Dutch stories which he had heard at Tarrytown, in his youth—when the thought suddenly struck him: 'I have it! I'll go home and make memoranda of these for a book'—I alluded to the story I had heard told of Irving going to sleep at a dinner-party, and their taking him up softly and carrying him to another house, where he waked up amid a large evening party—but he shook his head incredulously. It was Disraeli's story, he said, and was told of a party at Lady Jersey's, to which he certainly went, after a dinner-party—but not with the dramatic nap at the table, nor the waking up in her ladyship's drawing-room, as described.—Among the pictures on the walls of his library, were the two admirable engravings, one representing Johnson at table with his friends, the other giving portraits of Scott's intimates, as he read his novel to them in the library at Abbotsford.—As I walked around, I found in a corner, a small pen-and-ink sketch—an exceedingly clever caricature of Paganini. It was done, he said, by Stuart Newton, as he sat with him one day—done in one of that artist's dreamy, unconscious moods—and Irving had taken it from under his hand, to preserve it. * * * As we were to make the rounds of the shrubberies and hot-houses, before the sun should be fairly vertical, we were now admonished that it was time—Mr. Irving at once taking his straw hat to accompany us. * * * At the door of the hot-house, Mr. Irving said it was warm enough for him, outside. He preferred to stand under a tree and wait for us—particularly as he had seen the grapes before and hoped to see some of them again. * * * I should not omit, here, the mention of a little merriment at starting, which I, since, find myself remembering very vividly—the sudden discovery, among the group of nieces and grandnieces, that Mr. Irving was going for a warm ride with a thick coat on; and the frolicsome pulling of him back from the carriage-door, stripping him to his shirt-sleeves, in spite of his remonstrances, and reclothing him in an over-all of brown linen, brought meantime from our host's dressing-room from above. * * * Our road, presently, grew very much like what in England is called 'a green lane,' the undisturbed grass growing to the very edge of the single wheel-track. * * * Mr. Irving pointed out an old tumble-down farmhouse, still occupied, he said, by the Dutch family who traditionally 'keep the keys to Sleepy Hollow,' but there was not a soul to be seen hanging over the gate, or stirring around porch or courtyard. * * * He did not seem to remember that he had written about it, but enjoyed it all as a scene of childhood, then for the first time revisited. I shall never forget the sudden earnestness with which he leaned forward as we passed close under a side-hill heavily wooded, and exclaimed, 'There are the trees where I shot my first squirrels, when a boy!' * * * We pulled up, for a moment, opposite the monument of Major André, a marble shaft, standing at the side of the road and designating the spot (mentioned in 'Sleepy Hollow') where that unfortunate man was captured. * * * We rattled along, with a very daylight disregard of 'apparitions,' past the 'bridge of logs,' which is such a haunted spot to the school-boys. * * * A more beautiful intricacy of hill and dale than that winding road through Sleepy Hollow, I never saw. Everything in it seemed so precisely of the enjoyable size—woods, meadows, slopes, thickets and cornfields, all in the come-at-able and cozy quantity that looks just what you want, though too little for care. * * * We drove rapidly towards Tarrytown, where I was to take the evening train for home;

and, as we neared it, Mr. Irving pointed out to me the oldest church between Albany and New York, a small stone structure, whose narrow windows look as if they might have served also the purpose of embrasures—the church a citadel of retreat in the Indian wars. And, not far from it, was the burying-ground, to which, lately, the remains of the deceased members of the Irving family have been brought, from the business-crowded graveyards of the city. In a subdued tone, scarcely audible, as if he were unconsciously thinking aloud during the silence with which we looked upon the spot, Mr. Irving said, 'It is my own resting-place, and I shall soon be there.' And, neither in the cadence with which the words fell from his lips, nor in the change of expression which the stir of a deeper feeling naturally threw over the features, was there either painfulness or surprise.

Other pleasant pages, more difficult to condense so as to present them in extract, are devoted to a trip to that stronghold of the whalers, Nantucket. This must be one of the most primitive nooks left in America:—

"We had numerous offers of a ride [says Mr. Willis], as we landed; but, taking our way leisurely on foot, we had an opportunity to observe the style of the private carriages in which the islanders had come upon their errand to the wharf. They are peculiar to Nantucket, I believe—a sort of pew upon two wheels, or a box without seats, simply to stand up in, and with high sides around which runs a rope to hold on by. The steps are behind; and the half-dozen ladies who were the load for the single horse, jumped in and out with wonderful alacrity, changing places and stepping about, from side to side, as the animal trotted away, with curious facility of accommodation. For short distances, these light pew-carts are certainly comfortable enough, and they are singularly 'handy' and available—vehicles, in fact, to take a walk in; or two-wheeled overshoes drawn by a horse. I should not forget to mention the chief economy of thus standing instead of sitting, as you ride—the natural instinct of easing the jolt by bending the knees, obviating, of course, the necessity of springs to the cart. Every passenger carries his own springs."

Then, the name of a small watering-place on the island may be strange to our readers; but some of its ways are worth making known:—

"At the remote end of the remotest and most peculiar island of our country—a toilsome and unfenced wilderness separating it even from what metropolitanism there is in the harbour town of Nantucket—on a far-out bluff, which is fairly the jumping-off place into the Atlantic, stands this famous village of 'Seonset.' Let me enumerate a few of its peculiarities of laws and manners, as commonly understood. 1st. Fashion wholly excluded. 2nd. Introductions wholly unnecessary, all acquaintance mutualized on arrival. 3rd. The water of the pump being Lethæan, every error, fault and misfortune of previous lives reciprocally forgotten. 4th. Lawyers walk about, innocuous and professionally unemployed, as, for any and every misdemeanor, the 'Seonset Court' consists of a friend for Jury, Reason for a Judge, and Conscience to plead both sides of the case. 5th. No distinctions of religion whatever. 6th. No flirts and no coxcombs. 7th. No scolding, by wife or husband, whatever the provocation. 8th. No manner of evil speaking. 9th. Leap-year perpetual, and unmarried ladies at liberty to make such emotional advances as they feel naturally called upon to give way to. 10th. Entire equality of condition, position, and moral and pecuniary estimation, no man's betterness than another being in any way recognized."

The "emotional unmarried ladies" we should fancy rather a trial; otherwise, there is a sort of snug sociability in the above code far more attractive than the inventories of dashing beauties, with "their points," their toilettes, and their batteries of airs and graces, which we have often met in the American papers, to tempt pleasure-seekers to Saratoga, and other more fashionable American watering-places.

A visit to Virginia furnishes other agreeable

chapters; but the book altogether is, of its kind, amusing and agreeable:—its writer's best book, we think.

NEW NOVELS.

The Dean; or, the Popular Preacher: a Tale. By Berkeley Aikin. 3 vols. (Saunders & Otley.)—The condition of a "Popular Preacher" is one of the most perilous and anomalous lots that can be assigned to any mortal,—and one that no man knowing the deceitfulness of his own heart would covet for himself. It is emphatically "to be set in slippery places,"—and it requires the "seven-fold grace" to be enabled to retain that simplicity, holy charity, and "godly sincerity," which transcend the gift of "speaking with the tongues of men and of angels." To delineate faithfully all the subtle temptations, the difficulties, and pitfalls that abound in the path of "a Popular Preacher," requires a knowledge of human nature, a delicate skill, and an elaborate patience to work them out with truth and profit. The author of 'The Dean' is entirely destitute of all these qualities; she (for the author is evidently a woman) has produced an eminently vulgar book, written apparently with great ease and satisfaction to herself, but without any one point that can recommend it, either in style or matter, to a thoughtful or refined reader. "The Dean" is a hypocrite, daubed, not drawn, with a coarse brush and smeared with a heavy, indiscriminating hand, of so dark a dye that beside him the Devil himself looks "an innocent blackness." The Dean is not a human being at all, but an impossible wooden doll, made out of the author's "own head," as children say, and moved by wires according to the author's own fancy, which she is not even at the pains to disguise or conceal. The Dean is a felon and a swindler; he begins his career by robbery and arson of a peculiarly aggravated nature, for he sets fire to the cottage of his relations and benefactors, in order to steal a sum of money concealed in the house,—and then, without waiting or caring to see whether the inmates are saved, makes his escape in the confusion. He is endowed by the author with great natural powers of mind, wonderful eloquence, eminent personal beauty, an unrelenting and ferocious selfishness, an iron will, an invincible determination, and the most consummate dissimulation. Like the demoniacal heroes of second-rate authors, who lack knowledge of human nature and don't care to work out the intricacies of character, the Dean is represented as acting from his earliest infancy with the deepest and most premeditated art:—he is never for one moment natural or off his guard,—his self-control is never disturbed,—he is sordid as well as selfish,—embezzles the funds committed to his hands for charity,—and dies, after a successful career, just in time to avoid detection. The only act of his life that bears the semblance of humanity is, that having engaged himself to marry one woman for her money, he jilts her and indulges himself by marrying another for love,—whose heart, of course, he breaks after some years of ill-usage. A bad husband, a bad father, an infidel clergyman,—all kinds of meanness, craft, and cruelty are heaped upon him, in detail as well as in gross, and he is presented to the reader as the type of—a Popular Preacher! With all these traits of genuine black lead, the character of the Dean is drawn with a feeble hand; the other characters are equally puppets for the author to play with, only that, as the Dean is all black, the good people are left all white. John O'Moore, the eldest son, meant to be the contrast to his father, is a simpleton; his goodness is foolish,—his "simplicité sans pareil" makes him the dupe of every pretence that is put upon him,—he is a sort of good boy gone mad, as his father is a species of devil gone to the bad. A novel about a Popular Preacher, betwixt whose life and doctrines there is perpetual discrepancy, is a subject which is pretty sure to have a certain succès de scandale,—readers will endeavour to fasten the likeness on "some one who must be meant in Mr. O'Moore!"—but it is some satisfaction to know that nobody in this best of all possible worlds ever was, ever will be, or ever can be, like "the Dean." It was Charles Lamb who observed long ago that in hue-and-cry descriptions of

rogues and thieves they were always painted with the ugliness of their offences. The author of 'The Dean' forgets that a hypocrite, who could not succeed in deceiving himself in some degree, would never succeed long in imposing on other people.

Ethel Woodville; or, Woman's Ministry: a Tale for the Times. 2 vols. (Hatchard & Co.)—*Ethel Woodville* is a religious novel of the Miss Sewell school, but it lacks Miss Sewell's insight into character, and power of inspiring minute details with life and interest. *Ethel Woodville* is more than a model heroine; we should say that she is to the average heroine what the maid-of-all-work is to "pampered menials."—she does more, she suffers more, she talks more, she teaches more, than half-a-dozen women could accomplish if all their perfections were "rolled into one." She begins to be a heroine at seventeen, when she loses her mother, who dies of a decline brought on by ill-usage, leaving it with her daughter as a sacred injunction that she should not, under any amount of inclination, marry a man who was not highly religious. *Ethel* has a brutal father, a foolish and selfish sister, limited means, on which she is expected to keep a house in comfort and elegance, also a young sister, who is almost a baby, to educate and bring up. Any ordinary reader would consider all this enough to keep the virtues, to say nothing of the graces, in pretty constant exercise. Later on, however, she has the addition of an intolerable, odious, and spiteful woman as a stepmother. She has also an offer from a most eligible young man to whom her heart is engaged, but whom she sternly refuses because he is not a religious character. The author, leaving *Ethel* to be miserable and ill-used at home, follows the fortune of Herbert Raymond, who is "contrived a double debt to pay," for he is first converted from Scepticism to Popery, and then from "the errors of Rome" to "sound Protestant doctrine," which naturally takes some time and much talk to accomplish. The arguments are set forth at great length on the author's side of the question, and, as Raymond does not defend himself too strenuously, of course the author has the best of it. Of course a Catholic author would have reversed the order of the conversions, but, probably, most readers will skip the arguments on both sides to get on with the tale, as the author has ordained it. We are happy to say that after many narrow escapes from missing, everything comes right at last, as it so often does in a novel, and does not in real life.

The Last of the Cavaliers. 3 vols. (Bentley).—This is a quasi-historical novel. The characters are all dressed in picturesque costume. The hero makes his first appearance in a dress of white velvet, with plain but rich lacing of gold, scarlet silk sash, a long rapier, white silk stockings, and boots of fine Spanish leather, with gold spurs—"the cuffs of his coat, looped back with gold and loops and buttons, showed cambric sleeves and ruffles of priceless Alençon lace"—a white plume in his hat, dark hair, "which fell curled and perfumed over his shoulders, with the gloss and sheen of satin." Could the heart of mortal woman resist such attractions! Graham of Claverhouse is the hero. Not the fierce relentless persecutor of the Covenanters, but the mildest, gentlest, most generous, and most fascinating of tender-hearted gentlemen. He neither says nor does a thing that would not be admissible in the hero of a religious novel. Nevertheless, with all its unreality and no little absurdity, 'The Last of the Cavaliers' is a readable novel, and passably amusing, which is the virtue most to be desired by readers of a work of fiction.

Woodleigh. By the Author of 'The House of Elmore,' &c. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett).—'Woodleigh' is written with considerable ability; some of the characters are well drawn, but the story is, we regret to say, uninteresting; about things and people the reader does not care for, and about whom his sympathies are not excited by the author. The hero is a wild, fickle, self-willed youth, not even with the gift of good looks. The female characters are insipid. It is a curious infelicity that, with so much real talent as the author possesses, he should have produced so flat a novel.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Nil Desperandum; or, the Narrative of an Escape from an Italian Dungeon. Translated from the Memoirs of Angelo Frignani. (Newby.)—Dedicated, "without permission," to Count Poerio, this volume contains a narrative sufficiently dramatic to pass current as a romance of Italian patriotism. It seems to be a genuine translation from a Southern original; but the incidents are rather highly coloured, and the author contrives to paint himself as superlatively interesting and heroic. He is represented, first, as a legal student, next, as a physician, yet always as a champion pledged to do battle for the Niobe of nations. His story begins at Ravenna, where he sinks, at twenty-three years of age, into a political dungeon. He is handcuffed, marched through the streets, loaded with irons, immured, insulted, and menaced with death. Two soldiers generally brought him his food, one bearing the soup and meat, and another the wine and bread. One day he suspected the liquor and refused to swallow it. "The whole of my mouth, palate and tongue were drawn together as with some strong astringent, and my throat burned like fire. I took the wine towards the window, and found it was covered with an infinity of small sparkling points, something resembling what I believe is called mica. I at once suspected that these floating particles were arsenic." After this, to judge from his relation, he went mad and flagellated himself like a Flagellator of the Middle Ages. To judge from these episodes, we should say that the English editor was wise to leave out one "relating to a mad female patient," too painful to be re-produced. We find the volume entertaining, and really Italian in spirit; but the style is artificial, and the whole story bears an appearance of exaggeration.

Causes Célèbres du Droit des Gens. By Baron C. de Martens. Second Edition. 2 vols. (Trübner & Co.)—The re-issue, at Leipsic, of M. de Martens' well-known work is an incident of some interest. Originally, the idea was conceived by the author's uncle, M. G. F. de Martens, an eminent German diplomatist, who published at Göttingen two quarto volumes on certain great events in their special relation to the public law of Europe. M. C. de Martens, upwards of thirty years ago, produced his first book on the subject, adding to it in 1843 a voluminous supplement. We have now the entire treatise revised and augmented. It contains accounts of twenty-two famous causes, or trials, arising out of peculiar or paradoxical occasions in the annals of international controversy. The first, most famous, and most dramatic, is that which describes the execution or murder—for these terms imply the two extremes of the discussion—of Monaldeschi, at Fontainebleau, by order of the ex-queen Christina of Sweden. Outrages upon ambassadors form a conspicuous category—that on M. de Phelippeaux, by Victor Amadeus of Savoy,—that on the Russian Mathewof, at London, in the reign of Anne,—and others of various classes, including the arrests of Goertz and Ripperda—the Cellemare and Botta conspiracies—the Belmonte tumult at Madrid—and the refusal of Baron Wrech's passport by the French Government, in 1772, on the ground that he had not satisfied his creditors. In all these transactions weighty principles of international right were involved, and these are elaborately balanced by M. de Martens, who is a Hudibras in the power of changing hands, confuting, still confuting, quoting authorities, demolishing them, and suggesting all that can possibly be urged on the several sides of the argument. He does not discuss, however, at present a history of discussions, and his impartiality is displayed in the strictness with which he preserves every detail of the various controversies, as they are developed. In most instances, he is enabled to record, also, the admitted verdict of Europe, so that his Calendar supplies a valuable study to young diplomatists. We welcome this re-appearance, in an amended form, of a work long and deservedly esteemed.

The Charity Question—[La Question de "La Charité," &c.] By E. Ducpetiaux. (Trübner & Co.)—The elaborate treatise composed by M.

Ducpetiaux will chiefly interest a Continental public, for the question he argues is almost purely Belgian, and connected with politico-ecclesiastical struggles in the kingdom of Leopold. No doubt he spreads his view over time and territory, producing precedents and illustrations in aid of his philosophy which is strongly in favour of the Continental system; but the work is, in scope and object, strictly controversial, and designed to establish the author's defence of certain institutions which have been attacked, as he thinks, upon fallacious grounds.

Eliza Méraut: the Letters of Three Girls—[Eliza Méraut, &c.] By Ernest Serret. (Hachette & Co.)—This is a small book of heart stories, but executed with a truth and discrimination of touch which merit great praise for their delicacy,—a book, moreover, thoroughly warrantable. The sour and the single, it is true, might shake severe heads over the eager desire shown by the three schoolfellows who write these letters to get married. What if it be in nature! At all events, the Death-in-Life of the household in Bourges, to which Eliza (who gives name to the volume) returns, may be pleaded in excuse, if she did sit at the window and sigh for some kind young man to deliver her from her aunts, their priest, and their cat,—and if she, even, passed the bounds of strict honour in trying to spirit away such a black swan when she had found him, from Caroline her correspondent,—a girl basking in sunshine, while her own fortune was cast in the midst of mildew, and shade, and monotony. Bewixt Passion and Prosperity there is a third figure, Prudence—the *confidante* of both—who makes, we should say, the better match of the two: since, alas, Passion is worsted by her own remorse and generosity—gives up the power of intriguing the game into her own net, which she might have exercised—and takes her leave of the tale in a spirit akin to that of Shakspeare's *Paulina*, when she said,

Go together,
You precious winners all; your exaltation
Partake to every one;—I * * *
Will wing me to some whither'd bough.

There is some hope held out in a postscript that a *Camillo* (still to follow Shakspeare) may be found for her. The book, if only as another illustration of the "inequality of the lot," is, we repeat, superior, because of the minute knowledge of the heart which it displays.

Pierre Ladroneau in Search of Cheap Lodgings—[*Pierre, &c.*] By Auguste Humbert. (Paris, Amyot.)—Weak coffee is undrinkable,—a sermon full of funny stories is indefensible,—an unpunctual travelling companion, intolerable,—an elderly woman, dancing that she may seem not elderly, insufferable,—but none of these is at such variance with fixed ideas of "the fitness of things," as a dull book of French light reading. Such a book is here—heavy, far-fetched, inflated, unintelligible. Where we had hoped to meet some far-away cousin of *Jerome Paturot* or *César Birotteau*—remembering, moreover, how capital by way of subject would be *Cœlebs*, *César*, or *Celia* in search of lodgings, whether abroad or at home,—we found ourselves stuck fast in a quagmire of allegory, which may be profound and rich in the thoughts which create thoughts, and the symbols which shadow forth meanings, but is nevertheless a Slough of Despond, so wide, so foggy, so glutinous, that we own to having turned back, unable to struggle on with the pilgrim in his progress, and ignorant whether it ended in a Lilliput or a Laputa, or a celestial city!

London v. New York. By an English Workman. (Bosworth & Harrison.)—It was some foolish friend of "an English workman" that tempted him to publish this silly and ignorant pamphlet, which is no more than a coarse and unreasoning tirade against American manners, religion, and institutions.

The Eternal Gospel—[L'Evangile Éternel]. By Pierre Michel. (Paris.)—This is "part one" of a new revelation or rhapsody with which M. Pierre Michel has been favoured, and of which we cannot recommend any sensible person to undertake a translation.

Poems from Cape Town. By George Longmore. —Under this title we class together various poems which appear to have been published some

years ago. They are for the most part Byronic and Tom Mooreish, and do not prepossess us with their faded smartness. They have gone the way of all imitations and simulations; we cannot if we would recall them from the great silent world of Oblivion, and we should not if we could.

A Midsummer Day's Dream, and other Poems. By W. Avon. (Harrison.)—The author of these informs us on his first page, that

In this season I am much addicted
To golden visions, such as Spenser brought
From Fairy-land, and in sweet verse has wrought;
So, from the gorgeous scenes which he depicted
Have I, perchance, like inspiration caught.

—We were afraid that the news was too good to be true, and so we found on searching subsequent pages. Whatever the author may be "addicted to," he may rest assured that he has nothing akin to Spenser, except the same number of lines in his stanzas.

Musings on Guard. By Frank Felix. (Hatchard.)—These are the Musings of a Captain, who tells us that they have afforded him cheerful occupation at times during a lengthened service, and we hope they may have been to him their own reward. The verses are neither better nor worse than the average of our Minor Minstrelsy, pleasant as private exercises, without being up to the mark for parade in print: the writers of such require to be on their guard against the temptation to publish.

Nothing to Do. (Dublin, Hodges & Co.)—The writer has considerable facility in verse and probably some faculty for poetry. In his present effort these are frivolously frittered away. He had better get something to do, and earnestly set about doing it.

New Zealand and its Colonization. By William Swainson. (Smith, Elder & Co.)—For fifteen years Attorney-General of New Zealand, Mr. Swainson has probably a right to be heard concerning that colony. Certainly, we have not met with a book on the subject better arranged or more carefully condensed. In his opening chapter, Mr. Swainson treats of the native tribes, past and present, and enters into an interesting discussion on their future prospects. They are no longer cannibals; they universally profess Christianity; their manners have in all respects improved; but their numbers are diminished. It has hitherto seemed impossible to remove from them that which is thought by some the curse and doom of barbarism, wherever existing. A few years will supply circumstantial evidence which may tend to solve the problem. From the aborigines Mr. Swainson turns to the colonists, and writes, at once, a history and a criticism. He next reviews comparatively the difficulties and the advantages in the settler's way, and describes the country, climate, soil and productions, noticing the different settlements in their political and geographical aspects. With a masterly statement of facts and opinions bearing on questions of the day in New Zealand, this excellent book is completed.

On political matters we are asked, *How shall we Vote?* (Allen), in an inquiry into the principal measures of Lord Derby's administration, and the conduct of the Opposition leaders during the last two Sessions of the late Parliament,—and we are put to the question of *Who was Sold at the Bubbleton Election?* (Kent), by the Author of 'The Public School Matches.'—Major Wingate favours us with a few words on *Our Financial Relations with India* (Richardson).—*Crime and Government at Hong-Kong*, by Mr. T. Chisholm Anstey (Wilson), is the title of a letter to the Editor of the *Times*, offering reasons for an inquiry into the disgraces brought on the British name in China by the present Hong-Kong Government.—Then we have a translation from the German pamphlet on *Germany and Italy* (Hardwicke),—and *Michael Gomez: a Life-like Picture*, by Wilhelm Baron von Rabden (Thimm).—We have received the first six monthly parts of *Beeton's Dictionary of Useful Information* (Beeton), comprising Geography, History, Biography, Mythology, Biblical Knowledge, and Chronological Records, with the pronunciation of every proper name.—*The Catalogue of the Philological Library of His Excellency Sir George Grey* (Trübner & Co.), comprising, Vol. I., Part I.,

Africa (within the limits of British influence); Part II., Africa (north of the Tropic of Capricorn). Vol. II., Part I., Australia; Part II., Australia and Polynesia, the Papuan Languages of the Loyalty Islands and New Hebrides; Part III., Fiji Islands and Rotuma; and, Part IV., New Zealand, the Chatham Islands and Auckland Islands.—*The Descriptive Catalogue of the Museum of the Commissioners of Patents at South Kensington* (Eyre & Spottiswoode),—and *The British Catalogue of the Books published during the Year 1858*, (Low & Co.) including new editions, reprints, and pamphlets.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Ainsworth's English & Latin Dictionary, by Dymock, 36 ed. 4s. 6d.
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THE QUEEN'S COLLEGES.

The statements made in these columns a few weeks ago by Mr. J. Pope Hennessey, now Member for King's County, on what he called the failure of the Queen's Colleges in Ireland, has provoked a reply, as we felt it must. A Professor in one of the Colleges, having, as it would seem, access to all the facts of the case, has undertaken to correct Mr. Hennessey's mistakes. The point of chief interest is that charge which Mr. Hennessey brought against the Commissioners (the Marquis of Kildare, Sir Thomas Redington, and Mr. James Gibson, Q.C.), appointed in 1857 by Her Majesty to investigate the state of these Colleges, of misrepresenting the actual returns. These Commissioners made, according to Mr. Hennessey, "mis-statements which touch the very essence of the Report, and which render it, as a State Paper, worse than useless." While giving publicity to Mr. Hennessey's charge, our readers will remember that we carefully guarded ourselves from any appearance of sharing the responsibility for its truth; and we are not surprised to find it contested in very warm terms by the Professor. As we have given circulation to the charge, it is our duty to give the same circulation to the Reply. The Professor says:—

"To substantiate this very serious charge against men of such eminence, Mr. Hennessey quotes the Table which appears in page 33 of the Report, and which is as follows:—'The total number of Students, matriculated and non-matriculated, who have entered the Queen's Colleges since their opening, are [is] as follows:—"

In 1849-50	222	152	375
50-51	152	65	217
51-52	136	62	198
52-53	102	35	137
53-54	117	44	161
54-55	113	65	178
55-56	138	41	179
56-57	119	40	159
57-58	100	46	146
Total	1,200	559	1,759

To which table the following foot-note is appended:—'This number represents 1,686 individuals, as 82 non-matriculated students subsequently entered as matriculated students.' And after quoting this table, with the note appended to it by the Commissioners, Mr. Hennessey comments on it thus:—'Thus the Commissioners state that 1,209 individuals entered the Colleges as matriculated students, besides 477 as non-matriculated students; making a total of 1,686 students. This statement is totally erroneous. I have now before me ample evidence that the Commissioners have overstated the numbers in every year except 1849-50. Every one of the eight numbers given to the several sessions from 1850 to 1858 is wrong. In every instance the number given by the Commissioners is larger than the real number.'

"The reader will now be anxious for the proof of a charge which impeaches the accuracy, if not the veracity, of Her Majesty's Commissioners, and renders their Report "worse than useless;" and Mr. Hennessey proceeds to prove it thus:—He gives a table of the entrances of students at the three Colleges for the two years 1851-52 and 1852-53, as follows:—

College.	Number of Students entering 1851-52.			Number of Students entering 1852-53.		
	Matriculated.	Non-Matriculated.	Total.	Matriculated.	Non-Matriculated.	Total.
Belfast	51	40	91	36	23	59
Cork	53	17	70	44	10	54
Galway	32	5	37	22	2	24
Total	136	62	198	102	35	137

and then goes on: 'The figures given in the Report, and the accuracy of which I venture to challenge, are to be found in this table; they are the figures expressing the total number of students entering the three Colleges in each year. For instance, the Commissioners state that in the year 1851-52, 136 matriculated students entered, being 51 to Belfast, 53 to Cork, and 32 to Galway. The moment I saw these numbers published by the Commissioners, I knew that at least one of them

was wrong. To my own knowledge, 53 matriculated students did not enter Queen's College, Cork, in 1851-52. I have since ascertained the correct number, and I have also discovered that the numbers for Belfast and Galway are incorrect. I have found that not more than 34 matriculated students entered at Cork in that year, 43 at Belfast, and 28 at Galway. One of the 34 students had previously entered at Galway, and was counted by the Commissioners in the total for 1850-51; so that on the whole the total number entering in 1851-52 was 104, and not, as the Commissioners say, 136. The Commissioners state that 102 students entered in 1852-53. I am prepared to prove that only 86 students entered in that year, 38 to Belfast, 34 to Cork, and 19 to Galway.

"In order to understand the matter fully, the reader must be aware that not uncommonly a student who attends one year as a non-matriculated student, matriculates the next or some following year. Such a person must of course be entered in the list of students matriculating in that year. If, therefore, the total of separate individuals who have been non-matriculated students be taken, and then added to the total of students who have matriculated, the sum unavoidably represents more than the number of separate individuals who have attended. The correct total of all the separate individuals who have attended, is therefore to be obtained by deducting from the number of non-matriculated students those who have subsequently matriculated.

"This, as the reader will perceive, has been done by the Commissioners in the note quoted. For after giving the total of entrances up to 1858 as 1,763, they state that 'this number represents only 1,686 individuals, 82 non-matriculated students having subsequently entered as matriculated students.' Bearing this in mind, what will the reader think of Mr. Hennessey's procedure, when he is informed on the authority of the Registrar of Queen's College, Belfast, that the number of students matriculating at Belfast in 1851-52 was, as stated in the table whose accuracy Mr. Hennessey impugns, precisely 51; and in 1852-53, precisely 36; but that in the former of these sessions 9 out of the 51, and in the latter 5 out of the 36, had been previously non-matriculated students; and that the return made by the Registrar to the Commissioners and by the Commissioners to her Majesty, made allowance for these very 9 men in the one year and 5 men in the next; and that it was on these very returns from Belfast, in part, that the Commissioners, in their note, reduced the total of matriculated and non-matriculated students from 1,763 to 1,686? So that, in other words, Mr. Hennessey has taken the details of the numbers which go to make up the number 1,768 for the purpose of impeaching the accuracy of the number 1,686! He professes to show that the reduced number, 1,686, the number of separate individuals, is inaccurate, by giving as a specimen of the way in which it was arrived at, some of the tables on which the unreduced number of 1,768 was founded!"

PROFESSOR OWEN ON FOSSIL MAMMALS.

Prof. Owen concluded last month his most interesting series of lectures 'On Fossil Mammals' at the Royal Institution. The summary of his course was in the highest degree striking, and we are glad to be able to present our readers with an abstract of this impressive portion of his course.—

On the problem of the extinction of species I have little to say; and of the more mysterious subject of their coming into being, nothing profitable or to the purpose, at present. As a cause of extinction in times anterior to man, it is most reasonable to assign the chief weight to those gradual changes in the conditions affecting a due supply of sustenance to animals in a state of nature which must have accompanied the slow alternations of land and sea brought about in the æons of geological time. Yet this reasoning is applicable only to land animals; for it is scarcely conceivable that such operations can have affected sea-fishes.

There are characters in land-animals rendering

them more obnoxious to extirpating influences, which may explain why so many of the larger species of particular groups have become extinct, whilst smaller species of equal antiquity have survived. In proportion to its bulk is the difficulty of the contest which the animal has to maintain against the surrounding agencies that are ever tending to dissolve the vital bond, and subjugate the living matter to the ordinary chemical and physical forces. Any changes, therefore, in such external agencies as a species may have been originally adapted to exist in, will militate against that existence in a degree proportionate to the size which may characterize the species. If a dry season be gradually prolonged, the large mammal will suffer from the drought sooner than the small one; if such alteration of climate affect the quantity of vegetable food, the bulky herbivore will first feel the effects of stinted nourishment; if new enemies be introduced, the large and conspicuous animal will fall a prey while the smaller kinds conceal themselves and escape. Small quadrupeds, moreover, are more prolific than large ones. Those of the bulk of the mastodons, megatheria, glyptodons, and diprotodons, are uniparous. The actual presence, therefore, of small species of animals in countries where larger species of the same natural families formerly existed, is not the consequence of degeneration—of any gradual diminution of the size—of such species, but is the result of circumstances which may be illustrated by the fable of the "Cak and the Reed;" the smaller and feebler animals have bent and accommodated themselves to changes to which the larger species have succumbed.

That species should become extinct appears, from the abundant fact of extinction, to be a law of their existence; whether, however, it be inherent in their own nature, or be relative and dependent on inevitable changes in the conditions and theatre of their existence, is the main subject for consideration. But, admitting extinction as a natural law which has operated from the beginning of life on this planet, it might be expected that some evidence of it should occur in our own time, or within the historical period. Reference has been made to several instances of the extirpation of species, certainly, probably, or possibly, due to the direct agency of man; but this cause avails not in the question of the extinction of species at periods prior to any evidence of human existence; it does not help us in the explanation of the majority of extinctions, as of the races of aquatic invertebrata and vertebrata which have successively passed away.

Within the last century academicians of St. Petersburg and good naturalists have described and given figures of the bony and the perishable parts, including the alimentary canal, of a large and peculiar fucivorous Sirenian—an amphibious animal like the Manatee, which Cuvier classified with his herbivorous Cetacea, and called *Stelleria* after its discoverer. This animal inhabited the Siberian shores and the mouths of the great rivers there disemboguing. It is now believed to be extinct, and this extinction seems not to have been due to any special quest and persecution by man. We may discern, in this fact, the operation of changes in physical geography which have, at length, so affected the conditions of existence of the *Stelleria* as to have caused its extinction. Such changes, had operated, at an earlier period, to the extinction of the Siberian elephant and rhinoceros of the same regions and latitudes. A future generation of zoologists may have to record the final disappearance of the Arctic buffalo (*Ovibos moschatus*). Fossil remains of *Ovibos* and *Stelleria* show that they were contemporaries of *Elephas primigenius* and *Rhinoceros tichorhinus*.

The Great Auk (*Alca impennis*, L.) seems to be rapidly verging to extinction. It has not been specially hunted down, like the dodo and dinorins, but by degrees has become more scarce. Some of the geological changes affecting circumstances favourable to the well-being of the *Alca impennis*, have been matters of observation. A friend (John Wolley, jun., Esq.), who last year visited Iceland, informs me that the last great auks, known with anything like certainty to have been there seen, were two which were taken in 1844 during a visit made to the high rock called "Eldey," or "Meelsoekten,"

lying off Cape Reykianes, the south-west point of Iceland. This is one of three principal rocky islets formerly existing in that direction, of which the one, specially named from this rare bird, "Geirfugla Sker," sank to the level of the surface of the sea during a volcanic disturbance in or about the year 1830. Such disappearance of the fit and favourable breeding-places of the *Alca impennis* must form an important element in its decline towards extinction. The numbers of the bones of *Alca impennis* on the shores of Iceland, Greenland, and Denmark, attest the abundance of the bird in former times. A consideration of such instances of modern partial or total extinctions may best throw light, and suggest the truest notions, of the causes of ancient extinctions.

As to the successions, or coming in, of new species, one might speculate on the gradual modifiability of the individual; on the tendency of certain varieties to survive local changes, and thus progressively diverge from an older type; on the production and fertility of monstrous offspring; on the possibility, e.g., of a variety of auk being occasionally hatched with a somewhat longer winglet, and a dwarfed stature; on the probability of such a variety better adapting itself to the changing climate or other conditions than the old type—of such an origin of *Alca torda*, e.g.;—but to what purpose? Past experience of the chance aims of human fancy, unchecked and unguided by observed facts, shows how widely they have ever glanced away from the gold centre of truth.

Upon the sum of the evidence, which, in the present course I have had the honour to submit to you, I have affirmed that the successive extinction of Amphitheria, Spalacotheria, Triconodons, and other mesozoic forms of mammals, has been followed by the introduction of much more numerous, varied, and higher-organized forms of the class, during the tertiary periods. There are, however, geologists who maintain that this is an assumption, based upon a partial knowledge of the facts. Mere negative evidence, they allege, can never satisfactorily establish the proposition that the mammalian class is of late introduction, nor prevent the conjecture that it may have been as richly represented in secondary as in tertiary times, could we but get evidence of the terrestrial Fauna of the oolitic continent. To this objection I have to reply: in the paleozoic strata, which, from their extent and depth, indicate, in the earth's existence as a seat of organic life, a period as prolonged as that which has followed their deposition, no trace of mammals has been observed. It may be conceded that, were mammals peculiar to dry land, such negative evidence would weigh little in producing conviction of their non-existence during the Silurian and Devonian æons, because the explored parts of such strata have been deposited from an ocean, and the chance of finding a terrestrial and air-breathing creature's remains in oceanic deposits is very remote. But, in the present state of the warm-blooded, air-breathing, viviparous class, no genera and species are represented by such numerous and widely dispersed individuals, as those of the order Cetacea, which, under the guise of fishes, dwell, and can only live, in the ocean. In all Cetacea the skeleton is well ossified, and the vertebrae are very numerous: the smallest cetaceans would be deemed large amongst land mammals, the largest surpass in bulk any creatures of which we have yet gained cognizance: the hugest ichthyosaur, iguanodon, megalosaurus, mammoth, or megatheria is a dwarf in comparison with the modern whale of a hundred feet in length. During the period in which we have proof that Cetacea have existed, the evidence in the shape of bones and teeth, which latter enduring characteristics in most of the species are peculiar for their great number in the same individual, must have been abundantly deposited at the bottom of the sea; and as cachalots, grampuses, dolphins, and porpoises are seen gambolling in shoals in deep oceans, far from land, their remains will form the most characteristic evidences of vertebrate life in the strata now in course of formation at the bottom of such oceans. Accordingly, it consists with the known characteristics of the cetacean class to find the marine deposits which fell from seas tenanted, as now, with vertebrates of that high grade,

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containing the fossil evidences of the order in vast abundance. The red crag of our eastern counties contains petrified fragments of the skeletons and teeth of various Cetacea, in such quantities as to constitute a great part of that source of phosphate of lime for which the red crag is worked for the manufacture of artificial manure. The scanty evidence of Cetacea in cretaceous beds seems to indicate a similar period for their beginning as for the soft-shelled cycloid and stenoid fishes which have superseded the ganoid orders of mesozoic times.

We cannot doubt but that had the genera Ichthyosaurus, Pliosaurus, or Plesiosaurus, been represented by species in the same ocean that was tempest by the Balenodons and Diopodons of the miocene age, the bones and teeth of those marine reptiles would have testified to their existence as abundantly as they do at a previous epoch in the earth's history. But no fossil relic of an enaliosaur has been found in tertiary strata, and no living enaliosaur has been detected in the present seas; and they are consequently held by competent naturalists to be extinct. In like manner does such negative evidence weigh with me in proof of the non-existence of marine mammals in the liassic and oolitic times. In the marine deposits of those secondary or mesozoic epochs, the evidence of vertebrates governing the ocean, and preying on inferior marine vertebrates is as abundant as that of air-breathing vertebrates in the tertiary strata; but in the one the fossils are exclusively of the cold-blooded reptilian class, in the other of the warm-blooded mammalian class. The Enaliosauria, Cetosauria, and Crocodilia, played the same part and fulfilled similar offices in the seas from which the lias and oolites were precipitated, as the Delphinidae and Balenidae did in the tertiary, and still do in the present seas. The unbiased conclusion from both negative and positive evidence in this matter is, that the Cetacea succeeded and superseded the Enaliosauria. To the mind that will not accept such conclusion, the stratified oolitic rocks must cease to be monuments or trustworthy records of the condition of life on the earth at that period. So far, however, as any general conclusion can be deduced from the large sum of evidence above referred to, and contrasted, it is against the doctrine of the Uniformitarians. Organic remains, traced from their earliest known graves, are succeeded, one series by another, to the present period, and never re-appear when once lost sight of in the ascending search. As well might we expect a living Ichthyosaurus in the Pacific, as a fossil whale in the Lias: the rule governs as strongly in the retrospect as the prospect. And not only as respects the Vertebrata, but the sum of the animal species at each successive geological period has been distinct and peculiar to such period. Not that the extinction of such forms or species was sudden or simultaneous: the evidences so interpreted have been but local: over the wider field of life at any given epoch, the change has been gradual; and, as it would seem, obedient to some general, but as yet, ill-comprehended law. In regard to animal life, and its assigned work on this planet, there has, however, plainly been an ascent and progress in the main.

Although the Mammalia, in regard to the plenary development of the characteristic orders, belong to the Tertiary division of geological time, just as "Echini are most common in the superior strata; Ammonites in those beneath, and Producti with numerous Encrinuri, in the lowest" of the secondary strata, yet the beginnings of the class manifest themselves in the formations of the earlier preceding division of geological time. No one, save a prepossessed Uniformitarian, would infer from the Lucina of the permian, and the Opia of the trias, that the Lamellibranchiate Mollusks existed in the same rich variety of development at these periods as during the tertiary and present times; and no prepossession can close the eyes to the fact that the Lamellibranchiate have superseded the Palliobranchiate bivalves.

On negative evidence Orthisina, Theca, Producta, or Spirifer are believed not to exist in the present seas: neither are the existing genera of siphonated bivalves and univalves deemed to have

abounded in permian, triassic, or oolitic times. To suspect that they may have then existed, but have hitherto escaped observation, because certain Lamellibranchs with an open mantle, and some holostomatous and asiphonate Gastropods, have left their remains in secondary strata, is not more reasonable, as it seems to me, than to conclude that the proportion of mammalian life may have been as great in secondary as in tertiary strata, because a few small forms of the lowest orders have made their appearance in triassic and oolitic beds.

Turning from a retrospect into past time to the prospect of time to come,—and I have received more than one inquiry into the amount of prophetic insight imparted by Paleontology—I may crave indulgence for a few words, of more sound, perhaps, than significance. But the reflective mind cannot evade or resist the tendency to speculate on the future course and ultimate fate of vital phenomena in this planet. There seems to have been a time when life was not; there may, therefore, be a period when it will cease to be. Our most soaring speculations still show a kinship to our nature; we see the element of finality in so much that we have cognizance of, that it must needs mingle with our thoughts, and bias our conclusions on many things. The end of the world has been presented to man's mind under divers aspects:—as a general conflagration; as the same, preceded by a millennial exaltation of the world to a Paradisiacal state,—the abode of a higher and blessed race of intelligences. If the guide-post of Paleontology may seem to point to a course ascending to the condition of the latter speculation, it points but a very short way, and in leaving it we find ourselves in a wilderness of conjecture, where to try to advance is to find ourselves "in wandering mazes lost."

With much more satisfaction do I return to the legitimate deductions from the phenomena we have had under review.

In the survey which I have taken in the present course of lectures of the genesis, succession, geographical distribution, affinities, and osteology of the mammalian class, if I have succeeded in demonstrating the perfect adaptation of each varying form to the exigencies, and habits, and well-being of the species, I have fulfilled one object which I had in view, viz., to set forth the beneficence and intelligence of the Creative Power. If I have been able to demonstrate a uniform plan pervading the osteological structure of so many diversified animated beings, I must have enforced, were that necessary, as strong a conviction of the unity of the Creative Cause. If, in all the striking changes of form and proportion which have passed under review, we could discern only the results of minor modifications of the same few osseous elements,—surely we must be the more strikingly impressed with the wisdom and power of that Cause which could produce so much variety, and at the same time such perfect adaptations and endowments, out of means so simple. For, in what have those mechanical instruments,—the hands of the ape, the hoofs of the horse, the fins of the whale, the trowels of the mole, the wings of the bat,—so variously formed to obey the behests of volition in denizens of different elements—in what, I say, have they differed from the artificial instruments which we ourselves plan with foresight and calculation for analogous uses, save in their greater complexity, in their perfection, and in the unity and simplicity of the elements which are modified to constitute these several locomotive organs. Everywhere in organic nature we see the means not only subservient to an end, but that end accomplished by the simplest means. Hence we are compelled to regard the Great Cause of all, not like certain philosophic ancients, as a uniform and quiescent mind, as an all-pervading *anima mundi*, but as an active and anticipating intelligence. By applying the laws of comparative anatomy to the relics of extinct races of animals contained in and characterizing the different strata of the earth's crust, and corresponding with as many epochs in the earth's history, we make an important step in advance of all preceding philosophies, and are able to demonstrate that the same pervading, active, and beneficent intelligence which manifests His power in our times, has also manifested His power in times long anterior to the re-

cords of our existence. But we likewise, by these investigations, gain a still more important truth, viz., that the phenomena of the world do not succeed each other with the mechanical sameness attributed to them in the cycles of the Epicurean philosophy; for we are able to demonstrate that the different epochs of the history of the earth were attended with corresponding changes of organic structure; and that, in all these instances of change, the organs, as far as we could comprehend their use, were exactly those best suited to the functions of the being. Hence we not only show intelligence evoking means adapted to the end; but, at successive times and periods, producing a change of mechanism adapted to a change in external conditions. Thus the highest generalizations in the science of organic bodies, like the Newtonian laws of universal matter, lead to the unequivocal conviction of a great First Cause, which is certainly not mechanical. Unfettered by narrow restrictions,—unchecked by the timid and unworthy fears of mistrustful minds, clinging, in regard to mere physical questions, to beliefs, for which the Author of all truth has been pleased to substitute knowledge,—our science becomes connected with the loftiest of moral speculations; and I know of no topic more fitting to the sentiments with which I desire to conclude the present course. If I believed,—to use the language of a gifted contemporary, that the imagination, the feelings, the active intellectual powers, bearing on the business of life, and the highest capacities of our nature, were blunted and impaired by the study of physiological and paleontological phenomena, I should then regard our science as little better than a moral sepulchre, in which, like the strong man, we were burying ourselves and those around us in ruins of our own creating. But surely we must all believe too firmly in the immutable attributes of that Being, in whom all truth, of whatever kind, finds its proper resting-place, to think that the principles of physical and moral truth can ever be in lasting collision.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Rome, May 10.

THE season is over, crowds of English who have brought Paris fashions, faultless equipages, champagne suppers, and more than English prices to the Eternal City—are crowding away to Civita Vecchia, burthening the panting steamers with double their stated numbers: let us hope that one may not some starry night suddenly go straight to the bottom with its fashionable freight! A quiet lover of the vestiges of the great Past may now venture a contemplation of some monument of antiquity, without being run down by a dashing carriage full of fair Saxon faces surmounted by those odious round hats—just now the English badge—turning pretty young girls into pert young hags, and rendering more hopelessly inane many a moon-face whose mission in such a city as this is an unfathomable mystery. But quiet old Rome is more like itself—the butterflies have fitted to the toils of another season—let us dismiss them, and take a turn through the studios freed now from the host of Know-nothings, who, obedient to Murray, daily perform the prescribed task of walking through.

First, we will call upon Rudolph Lehmann, painter of that graceful picture which Lamartine pronounced to be more poetical than the poem it illustrated. His great picture this year, the Pontine Marshes, is gone with two others to the Paris Exhibition. Next year it will be at the Royal Academy, and an exquisite portrait of himself in chalks by Mr. Charles Martin, whose likenesses are so faithful, yet so slightly idealized, that you see the original in his best mood, will also be there. Let us look into Mr. Lehmann's portfolio. He has crayon sketches of many celebrities: he does not flatter; but he seizes the prevailing expression, and he gives it with such force that you read the character of the individual. The portraits derive additional interest from the fact, that every one has the autograph of the original appended to it. Pius the Ninth, followed by a not very legible P.M. (Pontifex Maximus) irresistibly suggesting P.P.C.—Antonelli, dark, resolute, and unfinching, supplying to the full the characteristics deficient

in the benevolent face of his sovereign. There is the keen, energetic face of Lord Stratford de Redcliffe,—Count Reynval,—Lamartine, refined and imaginative,—the soft dreamy face of Lowell the American Poet,—Sir David Brewster,—Fredrika Bremer,—Prince William of Prussia,—M. About, whose sarcastic Letters on the Italian Question have already found their way into Rome in an Italian dress. There are forty others all more or less famous. The Prince of Wales was so interested in this collection that when he asked the artist to dinner he also invited the portfolio. Some admirable likenesses, also in chalks, might have been seen a few weeks ago at Mr. Field Talfourd's,—they are not so delicate and refined as Mr. Marfin's, but they possess wonderful force and power.

As we pass Gibson's studio, let us look in. The English Sculptor never grows older—there is the vigour of youth still in all that the earnest and simple-minded lover of Art says and does. His beloved Venus is at last packed up and sent to the owner, with the condition, that "it shall never be sent to that dirty hole, the Royal Academy." Another copy, just finished for the Marquis of Sligo, is to remain a year in the studio. A graceful nymph holding a child high in her arms is now under the modeller's hands; also an excellent likeness of the Maharajah Dhulep Singh. Our young Prince, whose kind and courteous acts will long be remembered in Rome, one day mentioned to Mr. Gibson that he was going to be photographed.—"May I express a wish to your Royal Highness to have a copy?" asked the sculptor.—"Is there one of you?" said the Prince, in reply.—"We will make an exchange; I will give you my likeness for one of yourself."—The collection in the various rooms reminds one of a gallery of antiques, so truly classic are the bas-reliefs which establish the artist's claim to be regarded as one of the greatest since the Greeks. His pupil, Miss Hosmer, the gifted young American lady, is now engaged on a statue of Zenobia, which promises to be exceedingly beautiful. The Captive Queen is supposed to be in the triumphal procession of her conqueror. Miss Hosmer's knowing little Puck, perched on a mushroom, with a nettle in one hand and a lizard in the other, is almost too well known to need description. The Cenci, mournful and despairing, flung on a couch in utter prostration the night before her execution, her rosary trailing on the ground, scarcely held by the listless hand, is full of deep feeling. One wonders to see such mature works from such youthful hands.

An artist of great ability, though as yet not widely known, is Gattey, a pupil of Bailey's. He is engaged at present upon a work which will secure him renown when completed. He has chosen a subject never, I believe, before attempted in marble, though so often painted—the destruction of Pharaoh in the Red Sea. It is a bas-relief, on a very large scale, 16 feet by 8, and the figures are 5 feet in height,—in fact, according to historical evidence, nearly the actual height of the Egyptians. There is wonderful life and dramatic action in the figures and in the rearing and plunging horses as the overwhelming waters rush upon them. The predominant figure is the King, his arms extended towards heaven,—the standard-bearer has fallen, and the charioteer grimly strives to rein in the terror-stricken horses. The effect of bold relief is cleverly obtained in the manner of the Greeks in their bas-reliefs, by giving a flat outer surface and great depth and roundness to the minor figures. The companion bas-relief, for there will be a second, is a continuation of the subject, the Triumphant Song of Miriam and of Moses,—and the model is in progress, the artist diligently studying the Jewish type for the faces. He has succeeded admirably in giving the Egyptian peculiarities in the faces of the Pharaoh, and great and conscientious study is visible in all the adjuncts. The two bas-reliefs, when completed, are to be sent to Scotland, and erected as a mausoleum in the private grounds of a family there, to the memory of a much revered relative. We prognosticate lasting fame to the artist of this work. Nor must we overlook some sketches of lions and tigers, recently taken from the life by Mr. Gattey, who spent nearly three months in the caravan which contained the origi-

nals. The models, at present merely hastily taken in chalk, are wonderful; they are no mere conventional representations of strength, majesty, or ferocity, but living creatures, either sleeping in the graceful attitudes of kittens, the rounded paw, sheathed claws, and relaxed muscles expressing the most perfect repose, or infuriated at their bones being taken from them, crouching in ferocious rage, with startling life-likeness. For truth and real animal character they far surpass even Canova's famous lion; though beauty, it must be confessed, has not been sought so much as intense reality.

Another interesting work of Art, of a wholly different character, is to be found in the studio of Mr. Randolph Rogers, the American sculptor. It is a model of a pair of doors to be cast in bronze for the Capitol at Washington. It is a Government commission. The subject, singularly suitable, is the discovery of America by Columbus. There are nine compartments, each a graceful picture; the *chef-d'œuvre* is the landing on the shores of the New World, which forms the principal subject, and dominates over the whole, being beneath the arch and extending over both doors. The other groups represent the most striking incidents in the history of the great Genoese. The model has been sent to Munich to be cast, and has excited great admiration among the German artists. Should the projected Exhibition take place in London in 1861, the doors will be sent thither previous to their departure for America,—and will, we think, be pronounced a very fine work of Transatlantic Art.

The kindness, good taste, excellent feeling, and perfect manners of the Prince of Wales have left a lasting impression upon all those who were brought into contact with him. He was particularly courteous to the artists whose studios he visited, invariably shaking hands with them at entering and leaving. Mr. Gibson, Mr. Lehmann, Mr. Leighton, Mr. Wolf, and I believe others dined with him,—some frequently. Gibson offered his services to the Prince immediately on his arrival, and accompanied him to forty studios, the Vatican, the Capitol, and the Villa Albani, and the royal student made good use of these excellent opportunities of studying Art under learned auspices, becoming critical before his departure, and delighting and surprising the artists by the maturity and intelligence of his remarks. Mr. Morgien, an American sculptor, was gratified at finding him perfectly familiar with the story of Pocahontas, the first Indian convert, while all the other English, gentle and simple, who had visited his studio, knew nothing at all about her. The Prince did not forget to acknowledge the valuable services of Mr. Gibson and Mr. Pentland, who acted as cicerone to the antiquities of Rome—few, perhaps, better fitted for such a task. He presented to both at parting a valuable diamond ring. On the occasion of his visit to the Vatican by torchlight, Cardinal Antonelli accompanied him, and invited the large party who attended the Prince to take coffee and *confetti*.—Being at Rome incognito, and as a student rather than as a patron of Art, the Prince made but few purchases. He ordered two landscapes of scenes in the neighbourhood of Rome, of M. Benouville, and he bought a repetition of Miss Hosmer's famous little Puck, and a picture by Leighton. The latter is a repetition of the 'Pavona,' in the Royal Academy, the original, who is called Uana, is a well-known model in Rome, and has suggested the three pictures exhibited by Mr. Leighton in London, as well as the one bought by the Prince. She has a very beautiful profile, of the true Italian type; it is seen over her shoulder, which is turned towards the spectator; her masses of raven hair, brightened by a few pearls, fall in heavy braids, and two peacocks' feathers in the background relieve the pale yellow of the complexion.

Mr. Gibson has lately received a tribute from the King of Bavaria, which is gratifying to his country as well as to himself. King Louis is perhaps the best judge and the greatest lover of Art among the patrons of it now living. During his visits to Rome for a period of forty years, he has never failed to ask two artists every day to dine with him,—Wyatt, Penry Williams and Gibson have all been honoured in their turn, and their studios regularly visited. Three years ago the

King asked Gibson, when in his studio, for his bust, saying he wanted it for a special purpose, and he had a cast taken and sent to Munich. Last Monday Prof. Schoepf called upon the sculptor, and told him he was commissioned by His Majesty to give him his kind regards, and inform him that he had erected a marble statue of him in the Glyptothek. Thorwaldsen, Tenerani, and Rauch are his companions, and the niches on the opposite side are reserved for the statues of the sculptors of antiquity. These evidences of esteem for the disciples of Art are as honourable to these princely and enlightened patrons as they are gratifying to the artists who receive them. H. D.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Rifleman form, painters disperse! In consequence of the unsettled state of Europe, the jury of English artists (Messrs. David Roberts, W. P. Frith, Thomas Creswick, A. Elmore, and J. C. Horsley, acting with M. E. Gambart as Director) have resolved not to send pictures to Paris this year. This resolution, sanctioned at a meeting of artists, over which Sir Charles Eastlake presided, has been forwarded within these few days to the Minister of State, M. Achille Fould. A reply has not been received. Meantime, artists in the country are requested not to send up any more works.

The fortune of M. About's book on 'The Roman Question' is made. By order of the Imperial Press Bureau it has been seized and confiscated, and the Paris publisher put under menace of prosecution. Of course, all the world is asking for it, and, strange to say, it is to be bought, under the rose, from almost every bibliopole in Paris and the departments. It has also, as our Roman correspondent tells us, found its way into Rome in an Italian dress, and, being prohibited in that city, has an immense sale. The pious shrug their shoulders and the wicked laugh in their sleeve: for every one seems conscious of the farce played by the Imperial Government; and every one knows that the sham prohibition will be followed by a sham prosecution and a sham sentence. By forcing on a public trial, the high Roman party will cause the hardest hits in the volume to be reproduced, as part of the evidence, in every newspaper in France and Italy, and read by millions who would never have seen them in their original form. If, as some say, the French are preparing Fontainebleau for Pio Nono, a mock prosecution of M. About's publisher would seem to be the proper prelude of his transfer to France.

War has not obliterated all trace of the humanities. French vessels are everywhere engaged snapping up Austrian merchants; but we are glad to say that orders have been sent from the Paris Ministry of War to respect the steamship Novara, now on her way from Australia.

One paragraph more on the affair of Madame Mario, and we trust we shall then have done with it for ever. It comes from those who have every right to speak:—

"Rome, May 7.
"We request of the courtesy of the *Athenæum* to explain for us, if an explanation is really necessary on either side of the Atlantic, that our letter was directed to the readers and circulators of a certain newspaper announcement (*vide the New York National Anti-slavery Standard* for the 4th of December last) of Madame Mario's arrival in the United States, 'highly recommended' by the Brownings and others, to lecture on Orsini and Italian politics. We thought it right to contradict this statement, because, like Mr. Horace Greeley and his co-signatories, being accustomed to judge for ourselves on political matters, we choose, therefore, to accept the responsibility simply of our own opinions. But we submit the terms of our letter to all reasonable persons, and inquire whether, if we had suspected Madame Mario of any connivance with or knowledge of the newspaper announcement, we should have used the opportunity of contradicting it, to express our 'strong affection and esteem' for herself personally.—ROBERT BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING."

An artistic friend furnishes us with a few more anecdotes and facts of light and shade to append to our last week's notice of Mr. Leslie. He says, to use his own graphic words, "He did,

indeed, I have his with his that too attacked Leslie, crammed line, out well the ing, and of it his had just Charley of Prag 'we be nearly y to refit. impress till his further when a zon, th cleared, battle. and ren saw the a flamm shot we Salvato though going He wa sort of own p person Ameri man in his ob dress, He lik as be He did get m advers fault c and hi saying circle. advan An was s One 'Orig Rev. part the p Fente in a than from by B as ur hope editio Pope noun behin he t expo have Broc tot not paci Old Wit cile boole sign enlo "If [the in t but Mr. rec Mr. 7

indeed, remember that toss on the blue Atlantic. He has often told me, sitting back in his chair, with his head back, and hands in his pockets, as was his wont, how the armed merchant-ship that took him and his family to America was attacked, some way out, by a French privateer. Leslie, his sister, and other children were crammed down in the dark hold, below the water line, out of the reach of shots. He remembered well the roar and clang, and tramping, and pounding, and cheering of that night, and in the midst of it his little sister, catching him by the neck (she had just begun the piano), and saying, 'Why, Charley, dear, it is for all the world like my 'Battle of Prague.' ' Luckily, he used to go on to say, 'we beat the Frenchman off, but having lost nearly all our sails and rigging, put into Lisbon to refit.' The semi-Oriental features of Lisbon, as impressed on him during that visit, he remembered till his dying day. They had not got many knots further (after refitting on their outward voyage) when another French privateer slid over the horizon, the guns were again run out, the decks cleared, and the muskets distributed ready for battle. This time the little artist stole up on deck, and remembered his horror and admiration as he saw the long line of bare-armed men at their guns, a flaming torch over every gun, as the powder and shot were served out in buckets-full. That was a *Salvator* picture, to set a child thinking. Leslie, though a shy and retiring man, was fond of society, going at one time to his three parties a night. He was also fond of private theatricals and any sort of picturesque masquerading. At one of his own parties he sat for hours stolidly at chess personating a Turk. He had a little of the American in his voice, a good deal of the Scotchman in his cheek-bones, a trifle of the Tartar in his oblique eyes. He was bold and reckless in dress, and very plain, though pleasant, in manner. He liked to retail long anecdotes of Sir 'Joshew-a,' as he called him, and of his special pet, Constable. He did not care much about dialogue if he could get monologue, and seldom seemed to listen to his adversaries' arguments or replies. This was the fault of a solitary thinker, as was his love of a set, and his refusing to listen or laugh heartily to the sayings or doings of any person out of this favoured circle. Leslie's 'Life of Reynolds' was left far advanced."

An interesting collection of autograph letters was sold last week by Messrs. Puttick & Simpson. One volume, of especial interest, contained the 'Original Autograph Correspondence with the Rev. W. Broome from 1713 to 1724, the greater part relating to the translation of Homer, and to the portions of that work done by Broome and Fenton, collected by Broome himself, and stitched in a folio vellum wrapper.' There were no fewer than fifty-four letters from Pope, and twenty-two from Fenton, with some drafts of letters in reply, by Broome. The volume sold for 105*l.*, and was, as understood, bought for Mr. Murray; so we may hope to have the benefit of it in the promised edition of Pope. Broome, after his quarrel with Pope, and his appearance in the 'Bathos,' announced his intention to leave such memorials behind him, as should prove to the world that he translated eight books and Fenton four, and expose the double dealing of Pope. Wrongs we have no doubt there were, wrongs by Pope and Broome against the public, wrongs against Lintot the publisher, who bought Pope's version, and not Broome's, a man who had shown his incapacity by publishing, in conjunction with Ozell and Oldesworth, an unreadable translation of the *Iliad*. With us, therefore, the great difficulty is to reconcile Broome to Broome—the translation of twelve books, which we believe, with his own statement signed with his name, and concluding with his eulogy on Pope, published with the *Odyssey* itself. "If my performance has merit, either in these [the Notes] or in any part of the translation (namely, in the sixth, eleventh, and eighteenth books), it is but just to attribute it to the judgment and care of Mr. Pope, by whose hand every sheet was corrected. The other and more able assistant was Mr. Fenton in the fourth and the twentieth books."

The President of the Royal Society gave his

second reception on Saturday last, at Burlington House. The entire suite of rooms was thrown open and a variety of interesting objects exhibited. Mr. Wheatstone's Domestic and Automatic Telegraphs were explained by the inventor. The former, worked by means of an electro-magnet, is extremely beautiful. One is in operation between the Houses of Parliament and the Queen's Printers. Messages can be conveyed to a distance of twenty miles. The Emperor of the French has ordered some of these instruments, and purposes using them in his campaign in Italy.—Mr. Hattersley's Type-Composing Machine attracted much attention. The average speed attained by a person who has practised upon this machine has been 4,600 letters per hour, composed from reprint copy. At this rate, a calculation has been made that the advertisement sheet of the *Times*, consisting of eight pages of ruby type, and 1,029,888 letters, the composition of which costs 43*l.* 12*s.*, could be composed by Mr. Hattersley's machine for 14*l.* 14*s.*—Mr. Atkinson exhibited various exquisite vases and gems, cut and polished in the Imperial establishment at Ekaterineburg, in Siberia.—Dr. Bence Jones two living specimens of the *Malapterurus electricus*,—and Mr. Johnson his Marine Pressure Gauge, to show the pressure of water at various depths by the compression of an isolated column of air.

The Libraries of the Royal Society of Literature, the Society of Antiquaries of London, the South Kensington Museum, the Royal Academy of Arts, and the Universal Library of Athens, have been lately presented, by Mr. S. Leigh Sotheby, with a copy of his 'Principia Typographica,' of which, our readers may remember, 215 copies of the 250 printed of the work were last year sold in one morning at ten and nine guineas per copy, the author reserving the remaining copies for such special purposes as above named.

The note following reached us at the moment of going to press:—

"I, Crane Court, Fleet Street, May 19.
"My attention has been drawn to some observations in your number of last Saturday, respecting a letter quoted from a person styling himself 'the reviewing Editor of the *World*,' and applying for a copy of a work, entitled 'Three Visits to Madagascar.' You very properly state, that the address of the *World* Office is not given in the letter; and I should imagine that the tone of that strange epistle sufficiently demonstrates that no literary man of any ability or character could have addressed such an application to any author for the copy of a book. As however a letter has been sent, it is likely that others with a similar object, and written in a similar spirit, may have gone to other destinations. As sole editor of the *World*, I beg to state, that no person was ever authorized to use the title of 'Reviewing Editor' of that newspaper, and that all such applications have been without my knowledge and consent, or without the knowledge and consent of the proprietors.

"I am, &c. W. H. STEPHENS."

—When we drew attention to this case a week ago we felt assured that some such explanation as the above would be offered. It is right to add, that we have heard of other applications of the same kind from the same source. But we have done enough to put the parties on their guard.

The family of Alexander von Humboldt is not so ancient as M. Vapereau would have it. On the 11th of February 1638 Johann Humboldt, or Hombold, Burgomaster at Königsberg, in der Neumark, died in that city. On his grandson only, Erdmann Ludwig Humboldt, who died, in 1723, as "Amtshauptmann" at Drahheim, nobility was conferred. From him Wilhelm and Alexander Humboldt descended. We read in the Berlin papers, that Baron von Humboldt left his extensive library, all his furniture, watches and jewelry, to his old valet, attendant and companion, J. Seiffert, who lived with him thirty-three years. Only the unprinted manuscripts, and several presents to friends, whose names were put on scraps of paper by Humboldt, are excepted from this legacy. Only 400 thalers were found in cash, and in a cupboard, evidently neglected and dusty and musty, were piled up, in a pretty motley and confusion, innumerable orders from the sovereigns of nearly all

countries. Shortly before his death Alexander von Humboldt sat to the painter Prof. Hensel, for a sketch, intended to enrich this artist's album, which already contains one thousand portraits of distinguished men of the present time, with their fac-similes. Baron von Humboldt wrote under his portrait the following words from Dante's 'Purgatory':—"Viver ch'è un correre alla morte" (Life is but a hurrying towards death). The portrait is an excellent likeness, and several photographs, for members of the royal family, have been taken from it. The French Emperor has ordered a statue of Alexander von Humboldt to be erected in the gallery of Versailles.

Mr. Fitzpatrick sends us a cutting from an old paper on the same subject:—

"Kilmacud Manor, Dublin.

"I find the following curious paragraph among a number of newspaper cuttings which I made a year or two ago:—'A letter, written by Humboldt, was lately read in one of the Prussian law courts. It excited some sensation from its containing the declaration that "My death will take place in 1859," and that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his work till then.'—The manner in which Humboldt's presentiment has been verified is, to say the least, a very remarkable coincidence.

"WILLIAM JOHN FITZPATRICK."

M. Leguay, architect of the town of Paris, has presented to the Minister of State the tomb of a Celtic chief of the old Parisii, which has been found on the peninsula St.-Maur-des-Fossés, on the river Seine. The tomb contained two skeletons, one male in full armour, and a female with rich ornaments.

We hear from Boston that Prof. Agassiz required 500 subscribers, to secure the publication of his work on the Physical Description of North America, of which each copy will cost 120 dollars. After a very short time 3,000 subscribers were found, so that from this side no obstacle stands in the way of this eagerly expected publication.

A portion of the South Kensington Museum building has been assigned by the Board of Trade to the Commissioners of Patents, for the formation of a Museum of Models of Patented and other Inventions. It has a separate entrance at the southwest corner of the building, and is open to the public daily, without charge. The Commissioners have already acquired a most valuable and interesting collection of models, and original engines, and machinery; and would doubtless, had they the space, be able to fill a very extensive building, and establish a museum which, for interest, would be second to none in the country. Among the many objects of interest are the "Parent engine of steam navigation," built by William Symington in 1787, side by side with a beautiful working model of the paddle-engines of the "Great Eastern," and others contributed by Messrs. Maudslay & Field, Penn & Son, and other eminent engineers, showing, in a most forcible manner, the march of science as developed in steam-engine building within the comparatively short space of seventy-two years,—the first hydraulic press by Bramah, and many other objects of equal interest. There is also a Gallery of Portraits of Eminent Inventors and Patentees, which is alone worthy of a visit; and a Library of Specifications of Patents, from the earliest to the present day, open to the inspection of all visitors.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, Trafalgar Square.—The EXHIBITION of the Royal Academy is NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight till Seven o'clock), One Shilling. Catalogues, One Shilling. JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION is NOW OPEN, at their Gallery, 5, Pall Mall East (close to the National Gallery), from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogue, 6*d.* JOSEPH J. JENKINS, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The TWENTY-FIFTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is NOW OPEN at their Gallery, 53, Pall Mall, near St. James's Palace, daily from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* Season Tickets, 5*s.* JAMES FAHEY, Sec.

'THE DERRY DAY,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A., is now ON VIEW at the GERMAN GALLERY, 168, New Bond Street. Open from One till Six.—Admission, One Shilling.

FRENCH EXHIBITION, 150, Pall Mall.—The SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN. Also, in the same building, the WORKS OF DAVID COX.—Admission, 1*s.* Catalogues, 6*d.* each. From Ten till Six.

VICTORIA CROSS GALLERY, EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly.—Open from Ten till Six; Evening, from half-past seven till Ten.—A series of large Historical Paintings, by L. W. Desanges, authentically illustrating with life-size Portraits the bravery and stirring deeds of those who gained the Victoria Cross of Valour in the Russian and Indian Wars.

ROYAL COLOSSEUM.—Patrons, HER MAJESTY, and H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT.—GREAT ATTRACTIONS.—Eight New First-Class Exhibitions and Entertainments for Our Shilling.—Re-opened for the Season.—Three Grand and Unrivalled Dioramas of Paris, Lisbon, and London.—Children under 10 and Schools, 6d. Open, Morning, Twelve to Five; Evening, Seven to half-past Ten. Dr. Bachhoffer, F.R.S., Sole Lessee and Manager.

LAST WEEKS.—ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Patron, H.R.H. THE PRINCE CONSORT. NOTICE.—This Institution will be continued OPEN FOR ONLY A FEW WEEKS LONGER.—All the LECTURES, EXHIBITIONS, DISSEMINATING VIEWS, &c., as usual, until the final close.—Admission, 1s.; Children under 10 half-price.

Dr. KAHN'S MUSEUM, top of the Haymarket (open for Gentlemen only).—Dr. Kahn will deliver Lectures daily, at Three and half-past Eight, at his unrivalled and original Museum, on important and interesting topics in connexion with Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology (vide Programme). Admission, 1s.—Dr. Kahn's Lectures, &c., free by post for twelve stamps, direct from the Author, 17, Harley Street, Cavendish Square.

MADAME CAPLIN'S ANATOMICAL AND PHYSIOLOGICAL GALLERY (for Ladies only), OPEN DAILY, 28, Berners Street, Oxford Street, Lectures on Wednesdays by Madame Caplin, commencing at 2 o'clock.

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF ANATOMY AND SCIENCE, 369, OXFORD STREET, nearly opposite the Prince's Theatre.—This splendid Institution is now complete, and OPEN DAILY, for GENTLEMEN ONLY, from Eleven A.M. till Ten P.M. Popular Lectures take place twice every day, illustrated by Scientific Apparatus, and the most superb Collection of Anatomical Specimens and Models in the world: also extraordinary natural wonders and curiosities.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, Free.—A really splendid collection.

SCIENCE

SOCIETIES.

ROYAL.—May 12.—Sir B. Brodie, Bart., President, in the chair.—The following papers were read:—'On the Resistance of Glass Globes and Cylinders to collapse from External Pressure,' and 'On the Tensile and Compressive Strength of various Kinds of Glass,' by W. Fairbairn, Esq., and T. Tate, Esq.—'On the Atomic Weight of Graphite,' by B. C. Brodie, Esq.

GEOLOGICAL.—May 4.—Prof. J. Phillips, President, in the chair.—M. Mogridge, Esq., F. J. Mitchell, and T. Wright, M.D., were elected Fellows.—The following communications were read:—'On the Ossiferous Cave, called "Grotto di Macagnone," near Palermo,' by Dr. H. Falconer.—'On the Jurassic Flora,' by Baron Achille de Zigno.—'On a Group of supposed Reptilian Eggs (*Oolithes Rathonica*) from the Great Oolite of Cirencester,' by Prof. J. Buckman.—'On some Sections of the Strata near Oxford,' No. 1, by Prof. Phillips.

ASIATIC.—May 14.—*Annual Meeting.*—Col. Sykes, M.P., President, in the chair.—The Report of the Council on the proceedings of the Society during the past year, and a Report from the Auditors on the financial condition of the Society, were read. From the latter it appeared that the Society had a balance of nearly 200l. in hand, at the end of 1858, which exceeded, by about 80l., the balance of 1857. But the excess was rather attributable to a decreased activity in the printing department of the Society in the last year than to increased income, the number of Annual Subscribers having slightly diminished. However, the Council had to congratulate the Society on the public interest attached to the occasional Lectures which had been delivered before the Members during the year, and on the valuable literary communications it had received; also, on the production of another half-volume of its *Journal*, then on the table.—Among the deaths which had occurred amongst the Members, the most noticeable names were those of Mr. John Shakespear, Capt. J. Shephard, Sir Henry Willocks and Mr. C. MacFarlane, of all of whom biographical sketches were given. Of these Members, Mr. Shakespear claimed the larger share of attention from the Society, he having devoted the greater part of a long life to the cultivation of Oriental languages. His *Hindustani and English Dictionary* was the best that had yet appeared; and his elementary works on that language were in high repute. By the sale of these publications he had amassed considerable wealth, which he had invested principally in the purchase of a fine estate in Leicestershire, called Langley Priory. Although personally of very economical habits, he had, as was well known, made a liberal contribution to-

wards the funds raised for the preservation of his namesake's house at Stratford-on-Avon. After notices of other deceased Members, the Report adverted to the additions made to the Society's Library and Museum; and also to the forthcoming fac-similes of Assyrian Inscriptions prepared under the superintendence of Sir H. Rawlinson; from the collections in the British Museum seventy sheets were already lithographed, comprising inscriptions on ancient Chaldean bricks, some of which were supposed to be as old, at least, as 2,000 years B.C.—The rest were historical documents coming down to the sixth century B.C.—Sir Henry's appointment as Ambassador to Persia would necessarily delay the publication of the remainder of these interesting documents.—A ballot for officers and Council was taken, and the names submitted were unanimously elected, as follows:—*Director*, Prof. H. H. Wilson; *Treasurer*, R. Clarke, Esq.; *Secretary*, E. Norris, Esq.; *Librarian*, W. H. Morley, Esq.; *Council*, J. W. Bosanquet, Esq., General Briggs, Sir T. E. Colebrooke, Bart., M.P., Col. Everist, J. Fergusson, Esq., the Right Hon. Holt Mackenzie, J. C. Marshman, Esq., H. T. Prinsep, Esq., E. C. Ravenshaw, Esq., Sir Justin Sheil, Viscount Strangford, W. Spottiswoode, Esq., W. S. W. Vaux, Esq. and J. P. Willoughby, Esq.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 12.—J. Bruce, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. J. J. W. Watson, Mr. C. F. Taggart and Dr. J. Doran were elected Fellows.—Several objects of interest were exhibited: by the Rev. R. B. Matthews, the seal of 'William de Melecombe'; by Mr. G. R. Corner, the seal of 'J. Haytham,' found at Sutton Valence; by Mr. C. H. Gregory, a metal fibula set with paste, found at Blandford; by Mr. W. Perry Herrick, some fine bronze celts and spear-heads, found in Charnwood Forest.—Mr. Franks presented an oil painting, representing a portion of the Aqueduct of the Aqua Virginis at Rome, and Mr. Herrick, a lithograph of the old family coach preserved at Beaumanor.—Mr. R. Brooke read remarks on Caer Caradoc and the Camp of Caractacus.

BRITISH ARCHEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.—May 11.—N. Gould, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Gibbs exhibited two rare London Tokens, not included in the Beaufoy Collection. They were of Moorgate,—"The Weavers" and "The Three Mariners."—Mr. Cumming also produced one of the latter, having for its legend "Boss Alley."—Mr. Forman exhibited a Right Hand belonging to a bronze statue, probably of the Virgin or other saint. It belonged to the fourteenth century, and was found at Verona.—Mr. Briggs sent drawings and description of Romano-British antiquities discovered, in 1853, at Bredon, in Leicestershire.—They consisted of a quern, a bone weapon formed of the horn of the red deer, a boar's tusk, &c.—Mr. Bateman, of Youlgrave, communicated remarks upon the specimens, and Sir Gardner Wilkinson transmitted a drawing of the quern, which was of magnesian limestone, having an iron pin in the nether millstone for the upper to work on. Prof. Morris made some observations in relation to the geology of Bredon, whence the quern was obtained.—Mr. Briggs also communicated an account of the discovery of a Stone Vessel at Melbourne, in Derbyshire, of the fourteenth century, conjectured to have been a stoup.—Mr. H. Syer Cumming read a paper, 'On the Black Jack and on the Bombard,' illustrating his subjects by numerous quotations from dramatists and other writers, and by numerous specimens belonging to Mr. Forman, Mr. G. Adams, and Mr. W. Meyrick. One of the bombards measured twenty-nine inches in height; and of the Black Jack there were examples from the time of Elizabeth, which was of a globose form, and beautifully worked.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.—May 18.—Sir J. Rennie in the chair.—The following gentlemen were elected Members:—Messrs. T. Battam, jun., S. B. Edenborough, W. Hancock, T. Harman, J. Hollingshead, H. A. Silver, and Vice Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood.—The paper read was, 'On the Relative Values of Coal and Coke in Locomotive Engines,' by Mr. B. Fothergill.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN.—May 10.—Dr. Lee in the chair.—Fac-simile drawings of four of the principal slabs portraying the destruction of the Lachish of the Bible, by Sennacherib, were exhibited, by Mr. Harle, Member of the Council.—These slabs exhibit Sennacherib sitting on his throne, with his chief officers before him receiving instructions for the destruction of the city. Jewish captives, who are being delivered up to him by Assyrian warriors, are imploring his mercy on their knees. Over the king's head is a most valuable inscription, perfectly legible and uninjured, which has been translated thus:—"Sennacherib, the mighty king, king of the country of Assyria, sitting on the throne of judgment before Lachish. I give permission for its slaughter." The king's chariot, horses, messengers, and tent are also beautifully portrayed. Over the tent is another inscription, equally clear and perfect with the one over the king's head, which Dr. Hincks translates thus:—"The tent, (!) sarata, of Sennacherib, king of Assyria." The countenances of the captives are clearly Jewish. This series of slabs is now being arranged in the British Museum, but is not yet ready for public exhibition: they are probably the most valuable and most interesting of all the Nineveh slabs.—Mr. Harle read a paper on Sennacherib's history as given on the bulls—from Chaldean history—and from the account of Sennacherib as recorded in the Bible.—Thanks were presented to Mr. Harle for his valuable paper read; and for the exhibition of these fine and most accurate drawings.—Mr. Sharpe gave an abstract of the historical information which M. Mariette considered that he had gained from the inscriptions in the Apis tombs near Memphis. He found sixty-four stone coffins for that number of bulls. Five died during the reign of Rameses the Second, which discovery alone disproved the modern opinion that an Apis-period was of twenty-five years, or, indeed, of any fixed number of years. One died in the reign of Rameses the Third; one in the reign of Rameses the Fifth; one in the reign of Si-Pchah; one in the reign of Rameses the Eighth; five in the reign of Rameses the Fourteenth; three in the time of Manetho's Twenty-first Dynasty of Tanis; seven in the time of Manetho's Twenty-second Dynasty of Bubastis, by the help of which M. Mariette attempts to construct the genealogy of this last family of kings.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon.** Geographical, 1.—Anniversary.
- Tues.** Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.—'On the Manufacture of Malleable Iron and Steel,' by Mr. Bessemer.
- Linnæan, 1.—Anniversary.
- Zoological, 9.—Scientific.—'On the Development of *Avicula auraria*,' by Mr. Holdsworth.—'On new Species of *Saxatilis*,' by Mr. Moore.—'On the Thrushes (*Turdidae*) of the New World,' by Mr. Solator.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'On Geological Science,' by Prof. Morris.
- Wed.** Royal Society of Literature, 4.
- Society of Arts, 8.—'On the Application of Definite Proportions and the Conic Sections in Architecture,' illustrated by the Greek, with some History of that Feature of Art,' by Mr. Bell.
- British Archaeological Association, 8.—'On the Excavations and Discoveries at Wroxeter,' by Mr. Wright.—'On the Jil,' by Mr. Cumming.
- Thurs.** Numismatic, 7.
- Society of Antiquaries, 8.
- Royal, 9.—'On certain Sensory Organs in Insects, hitherto undescribed,' by Mr. Hicks.—'On the Occurrence of Flint Implements in Beds of undisturbed Bricks, Gravel, Sand, and Clay, associated with the Remains of Animals of Extinct Species,' by Mr. Prestwich.—'On the Intimate Structure and Distribution of the Blood-Vessels of the Human Lung,' by Mr. Waters.
- Royal Institution, 3.—'On the Seven Periods of Art,' by Mr. Lazard.
- Fri.** Royal Institution.—Meeting at 8; Lecture at 9.—'On the Ossiferous Caverns and Fissures in Devonshire,' by Mr. Penelly.
- Sat.** Royal Institution, 3.—'On Modern Italian Literature,' by Mr. Lacaita.
- Asiatic, 9.—Viscount Strangford will conclude his Lecture in illustration of Ethnological Sketches taken at Constantinople.

FINE ARTS

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. Gale is fast equaling Meissonnier in needle-pointed delicacy and firm accuracy of finish, with better colour, but even less invention. He finishes as for Sèvres china, with miniature smartness and facility; but the acquisition of this microscopism seems to be starving his other faculties. His *Grace Harvey's Visit to the Sick Girl* (No. 9) is literally *finish*, and nothing more. The bearded figure coming in at the door is stiffly drawn. No. 116 is

kindly in feeling, but otherwise not much. His best work is *The Chess Players* (305), in which there is exquisite finish and good expression. The old officer, a sort of Pellissier, quietly true, and with a certain halo of military, padded grace about him, not unaccompanied with the sagacity of age, nor yet ripened into foggyism.—We cannot say much for Mr. G. D. Leslie's *Reminiscences of the Ball* (12), in which the furniture and scarlet wallpaper are mechanically careful and well painted, while the face is of reasonable good colour, but very weak in character, and feebly drawn.—Mr. Grant, with a terrible carion-Scotch tone of colour, is poor, stagey, and sentimental in his *Legend of the White Rose* (605). The drawing is reasonable, but the painter has no right to presume the Flemish imposter an object of pity, nor to paint a sort of sham Keepsake beauty in his face, and bring in the sempstress out of work who staggily watches him, just to excite a misplaced pity. The painter is quite in the wrong way, and shows those greatest of all wants—a want of common sense, and a want of sense of the humorous. *The Eve of Monmouth's Rebellion* (416) is better in colour, which is still rather rugged and chalky; but there is something very vacant and silly in the sheepish Duke of Monmouth foreseeing his fate, and looking ruefully at the accidental axe; and in the malign Lady Wentworth putting on him the grass crown. This is a puerile rendering of history.

Mr. Crowe's *Milton Visiting Galileo in the Prisons of the Inquisition* (569) is very cold in painting and silly in conception. The old gentleman on the shavings could not have discovered anything, not even a needle in a bottle of hay; the nun daughters are caricatures, and Milton looks a dolt. This picture should have been hung, if at all, as high as Haman. His other picture, though dry enough, and very full of the over-padded lay figure, is clever in expression, and worth juicier painting and a richer surface. It is called *The Roundhead* (921), and represents a new convert having his love-locks cut off, to show his connexion with the austere sect. The barber's ascetic, saturnine face is admirable,—the victim's by no means bad; still, altogether, this is rather a hide-bound chip of a picture.—Mr. Goldie's picture, *The Monk Felix* (380), though clever and quaint, is unequal, and not a little like the portrait of a man jumping in a sack. The foliage is poor, but there is a pretty mottle of sun-light in the monk's white robe.—Mr. Rossiter's *Brighton and Back* (378) is stiff, and without fun.—Mr. Rankley's *Evening Song* (368) is a rank dark picture of some very gooseish children and some very clever geese, in a heavily painted dull landscape.

It is an extraordinary instance of human perversity, but it is always the case, that directly every one allows that an artist excels in a certain branch of Art, that man is miserable till he attempts some other branch. Mr. Hicks, exquisite in drawing-room idylls, must now forsooth attempt Frithisms and the humours of London life. *Dividend Day at the Bank* (519) is an unreal, laboured piece of unsuccessful humour, with here and there a pretty face. The subject is too much for Mr. Hicks. Let him get back to his violet banks and silk gowns—there he is at home. Why will serious men always attempt funny subjects, and funny men serious ones?—Mr. Hodgson promises well. There is a glorious glow of colour about his *German Patriot's Wife* (540), though the lady's head is too English. This artist is most happy and original in entirely seizing the German physiognomy, its dreamy, *gauche*, simple heartiness and stolidness. The jailer's look of puzzle and apprehensive irresolution is quite perfect. The German faces in *Austrian Customs* (958) are equally admirable.—Mr. A. Storey, in his *Bride's Burial* (831), is not very happy in his story, but his painting gets firmer, and in every way better.—Mrs. E. M. Ward's *Incident in the Childhood of Frederick the Great* (30) is interesting, and is painted with a love for children and the little dramas they get up between themselves. Mrs. Ward should paint, as a companion to this starting-point of one great General, the young Napoleon in the playground heading the attack on the snow fort.

Mr. J. F. Lewis ought to lash out and tear

himself from that netted camel housing. The *Waiting for the Ferry Boat—Upper Egypt* (135) is not a picture of two men and two camels, but of two camels and two men. The white beasts look a little as if they were cut out of stained deal, and the men's faces are slurred. The netting is laborious, as usual, because there, we suppose, it hangs before the artist's easel,—but the grass is entirely false, and the finish a mere pretence. This sort of painting ruins the memory, the mind's eye, which in a great artist should be as strong and absorbent as the body's eye.—Mr. Smallfield's water-colour studies—nature a little humoured, as in the *Youth's Head* (805)—are delicious in colour; but his best picture is the *Children's Party* (1008),—though gritty, yellow, and harsh, it is full of humour and worthy of Mr. Leech. Observe particularly the *blat* gentleman of sixteen to the extreme right, and the fat urchin in plaid, uncertain in his mind what to choose for supper. This should be engraved.—Mr. D. Macleise's *Poet to his Wife* (105) is uninteresting, and of an extraordinary vein of colour. Leaving out Tom Moore, all we see is a man in a shepherd's plaid waistcoat making eyes at a lady picking flowers. The hard, diagrammed certainty of everything is unpleasant here, because the finish is conventional and not real.

Mr. C. Rolt, considering that he is a rising man and a gold medalist, should not have his *Christ and the Syro-Phœnician Woman* (486) hung so far out of sight that we cannot even give an opinion on its probable merits.—Mr. Eagles seems always going to go, but never goes. His *Caught again* (547) is capital—colour rich and deep, costume and face thoroughly Italian.—Mr. F. Wyburd goes on improving, painting newer subjects more honestly and manfully. His *Undine discovering herself to the Knight Huldbrand* (666) is pretty, but no good ever came of tight, —no people off the stage ever wore tight, —and tight, too, Mr. Wyburd, require special good drawing.—Mr. Watts's *Isabella* (438) is a pretty portrait, painted in the manner of Sir Charles Eastlake, turned, if it were possible, P.R.B. The painting is a little flat and over-cautious, but there is a great charm about it; it is the only good idealized portrait in the Exhibition,—and it is well and fairly hung, too, which is miraculous.

If Mr. Lidderdale is the gentleman who used to give us every year a dose of Chelsea pensioners, we congratulate him on his great progress in his charming, hearty picture of *Happy!* (230). It is just a happy mother watching with clasped hands her elder girl tickling with an emerald-eyed peacock's feather a rosy bundle of a baby, lying on its back crowing before the fire. This is worth two or three Freres, with their fog-bank walls. This picture is in every part well painted.—Mr. Solomon's *Lei on race* (243) is a humorous view of a Breton barber's shop; it is difficult to say where, but the humour trenches on vulgarity. *The Fox and the Grapes* (293) is a hard, coarse story.—Mr. Redgrave this year trenches on Mr. Hook's manner, though as usual he is quieter and less masculine. He takes the Goldsmith melancholy view of emigration, and shows us the family cheering the villagers, scattered about the Devonshire hill-side. The painting is better than the treatment.

There is a folly called uxoriousness,—there should be a name for misplaced and over-demonstrative love of children—*babyness*? We are heartily sick of Mr. Cope's views of his nursery and his views of the various ways of administering pap. *The Elder Sister* (446) is one of a bib-and-tucker school which, we hope, will have no followers.—Mr. M. Stone, at least in mechanism, makes prodigious progress; but it is impossible to tell what he means by his *Silent Pleading* (456), unless the artist is by with the exposition. It looks to us like Robinson Crusoe in a wood-shed of Siberia, with P.C. 302 of the A Division, and the man whom you see in tailors' advertisements, looking on for the sake of composition. What has the man done? and what has the gentleman done that he should wear such tight clothes? and what has the policeman stolen that he looks so intensely foolish?—*Der Rosenkranz* (316) is a thoroughly German child, simple and pretty as a little Cinderella, painted by Mr. Dobson, who

still paints religious scenes that appeal to no feeling and rouse no emotion.

Miss Solomon's *Love's Labour Lost* (548) is an amusing picture, the colour of which is poor. The story is of a shoeblack who is polishing his young love's shoes, and is looking miserable at seeing her attention entirely taken up with an ogling tiger, who swings behind a passing phaeton.—Mr. F. Stone's *First Voyage* (440) is a pretty subject, treated not quite so stiffly as Mr. Stone's other scenes in this Exhibition. It is merely a little Dutch boy equipped for sailing and standing on the quay, proud but uncomfortable, parting with his mother. With some faults, Mr. Stone always paints from the fullness of a kind heart, and therefore the public are his slaves.

We cannot leave the figure-pictures without praising Mr. Campbell's *Village Clockmaker* (14); for admirable (tinofly) finish, though it be hard and flat, for quiet reflective humour of a purely new kind, a mixture of Miss Mitford and Adam Bede, we have seen nothing to compare with Mr. Campbell.

Mr. Lance is the king of vegetarians. He certainly does not improve, but still he does not go back. His *Fruit* (251) is as much of a nosegay as ever: his grapes are a trifle foxy.—Miss Mutrie's flowers and insects are so good that to name her is to praise her. We should like to see her try landscape; already she sees the value of distances, and of variety of surface. She might, too, paint with a mellow brush, and try more impasto, so as literally to mould her flowers in paint, live flowers never being flat. Let her paint beech roots, and a primrose bank, or ripe corn with the blue cornflowers, or June hedge-roses (a wealth of them), with an antlered ash-bough over. This would be new and grand, and would be a lesson for the niggers.—Mr. Herbert, always able to be serious and thoughtful, is so in the background of his *Mary Magdalen* (165);—and for the same sort of excellence we may mention the *Val d'Arno* (13), by Mrs. Hay, with a capital tone of colour on the white villa, but the figure of the fifteenth-century boy is empty.—Mr. Emmerson's *Gamekeeper's Daughter* (268) is, in the same way, a vulgar figure with a good landscape.—Mr. Hulme's landscape *Near Woking* (148) and *Child's-play among the Rushes* (168) deserve attention for their truth, freshness, and happy manner.—Mr. Oakes has an admirable frothy sea, with a rainbow, and his *Twilight* (204) is, for refinement, though not for strength, beyond praise.—We like, too, Mr. Dawson's *Osely Belle, on the Thames, near Windsor* (104), for their quiet charm of brightness.—In this admirable young school of honest and original landscape painters, at present a little too timid and small in style, comes Mr. Paul's *On the Grass* (186);—and that bit of pleasant simplicity, Mr. C. P. Knight's *Barley Harvest on the Welsh Coast* (190), the level gold of the corn-field running down to the blue sea. The very want of selection and the artlessness of this picture delight the eye.—Mr. Shalders is another of the same quiet, deserving, pioneering school, in *Glemgariff* (221), and *Near Bantry Bay* (241).

No one fond of landscapes, and of discoveries in landscape art, should fail to observe well whatever Mr. H. C. Waite does. For fairy minuteness and quantity, for distance and multitude, he is marvellous.—*Barley Harvest* (390).—Mr. Witherington absolutely gets younger, and his light yellow speckles of trees are stronger and more careful than usual. Better late than never.—One of the special portraits for easy merit, as well as for the subject, is Mr. Grant's *Lord Derby* (286), perhaps a little too cold and malign in expression.—About Sir J. W. Gordon's there is always the charm of truth and common sense, though certainly the classical ideal does not much haunt him. *Mrs. Campbell* (425) is shrewd, kind, and unaffected. *James Wilson, Esq., M.P., late Secretary to the Treasury*, is a strong likeness, quite unflattered, and sturdily painted.—Mr. Boxall is less sketchy in his rather dull full-length of *Prince Albert* (81), as Master of the Trinity House, with the sea that Britannia rules thrown into the background. Mr. Boxall's best portrait is the graceful, thoughtful, but somewhat shadowy one of *F. Huth, Esq.* (75), representing a gentlemanly old age. In some of Mr.

Boxall's portraits the extremities are still lumpy and unfinished. They want just one week's work.—Mr. J. P. Knight is always admirable in modelling and in artistic force. The late *Charles Dixon, Esq.* (39), is strong as ever. Mr. Knight's heads would bear more finish of surface.—Mr. Macnee's *Clarkson Stanfield, Esq.* (113) wants thoughtfulness and keenness of eye.—Mr. Richmond's *Rev. C. Trench* (510) is a strong portrait, but too grey and shining.—But the best likeness and most clever portrait in the whole is that labour of love, Mr. Phillip's portrait of *Augustus Egg, A.R.A.* (405). It is admirable in colour, dashing in style, and perfect in likeness.

The Sculpture, as usual, seems to be struggling with difficulties, and to exist by sufferance. There is still the same air of faded classicism and monumental vanity, mixed up with the phenological lecture-room, ghastly specimens of ugliness, and wealth eternalized in marble. If London ever becomes a Pompeii, there is no fear of the Prince Consort being unknown to future antiquaries. Mr. Theed has perpetuated him again (1231), very creditably.—Baron Marochetti is delightful in his *Sir James J. Jejeebhoy* (1236). The bronze statuette is strong, quaint, very original, and most carefully and thoroughly executed. The good Parsee baronet lives still in this memorial, and in the attitude and finely-draped robes there is dignity, local character, and thought. Even to the curiously patterned chair-back and receding Parsee cap, this statuette is worthy the sculptor.—There is a certain anatomic energy about Mr. Redfern's *Cain and Abel* (1265) that promises very well for the young sculptor, whose first work we believe this clever group to be. There are not many nude subjects in Scripture, but this, as the first great armed outbreak of sin in the world, is worthy of perpetuation in marble.—One of the most beautiful things in the dark chamber is the *Measurement, by Foxglove* (1251) of Mr. Munro's. This is rather a clumsy name for a group in which the very soul of childish and unconscious grace is embodied. The group consists of the two children of Gathorne Hardy, Esq., one of whom is measuring the other with a bell stalk of giant foxglove, the fairy cups of which arch above her head. The execution is exquisite in finish, though, perhaps, a little heavy in the back folds. This is an admirable attempt to idealize portrait sculpture. If the dead children of Chantry had come to life, and tripped down the choir of Lichfield, they would not have been more innocent and graceful than these births of the chisel. Mr. Munro's medallions are graceful and cameo-like as ever; the alto-rilievo female heads in the deep circular recesses full of the most refined beauty. The *Robert Browning* (1358) will interest all admirers of this poet.—Mr. Woolner's carefully clean-cut medallion of *Mrs. Tennyson* (1380) is most deserving of praise; his bust of *Rajah Brooke* (1317), though epical in feeling and admirably like, is a little enfeebled by the unsuccessful attempt to express the unevenness and dimpling of skin produced in the face by small-pox. The result of all this timid scraping, and blunting, and paring, and lining is, that the face looks like a mask of corrugated leather. It should be reproduced without this, except where the sinking of the skin affects the profile.—Mr. Theed's *Field of the Cloth of Gold* (1325), the alto-reliefs for Westminster, are clever enough, but dull and laboured, as if felt as task-work. It shows us that such national work should be more subdivided, especially in these days of mediocrity, and that no national Art-work should be accepted before it had gone through the ordeal of public competition. What a nation pays for, it has a right to select.—The Brobdignag statue of *Newton* (1261), erected in bronze at Grantham, has power beyond that of mere size,—but the head does not rise enough beyond the rest.—We like better Mr. Noble's quieter, more unpretending, seated statue of *Dr. Barrow* (1258), presented to Trinity College, Cambridge, by the Marquis of Lansdowne. It is highly respectable in thought and treatment; but none of these semi-national works seem yet to rise to genius—they all look portraits.—Mr. Bell's figure for the *Guards' Memorial in Waterloo Place* (1257) is another colossal small thing. The attitude is manly and the costume well managed; but the face is

very tame lion indeed,—more, let us say, of the house-dog. There is a want of military *chique* about it.—Mr. Bandel's *Morning Dew* (1264) may look very well in the hall of Bridgewater House, but it chills us with a remembrance of the old mural monument style, with the clouds like floating puddings.—The goodness of Mr. Leifchild's *Cromwell* (1282) may be judged of from the fact that Mr. Leifchild has not even taken the trouble of getting a likeness of the great farmer.—Mr. Geefs's *Revel de l'Amour* (1271) is very prettily treated.—Mr. Foley's *Monument* (1298) is very dull, and the bust on the wine-cooler awkwardly introduced.—There is plenty of energy about Mr. Jones's *Lord Brougham* (1299).—Amongst miscellanea in clay and marble worth looking at for subject or mechanical merit, we may mention *Mrs. Sydney Dobell* (1360), by Mr. Brodie, —*The late Duke of Marlborough* (1347), vacant and stupid, by Mr. Weekes, —*George Stephenson* (1330), the brave worker, by Mr. Wyon, —Mr. Fuller's rather empty *Signor Mario* (1290), as the Duke of Mantua in 'Rigoletto,' —Mr. Frith (1295), the acute artist, by Mr. Thomas, —Mr. Spurgeon's (1285) fleshy and plebeian face, by Mr. Crittenden, —Mr. Philip's recumbent figure of *Catherine Parr* (1259), for Sudeley Chapel, —*Sheridan Knowles* (1363), a weak-willed face, by Mr. Crowley, —*Mrs. Smith* (1364), intensely beautiful, by Mr. Munro, —and the rather tricky, but well-worked, *Sir James Stephen* (1349), and *William Marshall* (1342), by Baron Marochetti.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—The Exhibition of the Illuminating Art-Union, whose patronesses are ladies of the first rank in England, is now open in Rathbone Place. Managers, secretaries and bankers, in fact, all the staff of a working and hopeful society, belong to it. It appears from its published prospectus, that there are 200 ladies in the United Kingdom, who it is known and proved support orphans or widows, mothers, or bed-ridden fathers, by illuminating on vellum. It is one of the signs of Art-progress, that so many deserving women are able to illuminate, and able when they have illuminated, to sell their work. We trust that this society, by the prizes it offers to subscribers, by the work it offers its poorer members, by the copies it will circulate, by its meetings at titled houses, and by its gallery of illustrations, will double or treble this class of self-supporting women. This art is no longer a treasure to be gloated over by book-worms; it is flowering out in a late but brilliant spring over all our new editions of the English classics; it is casting flowers every day on dead men's graves. Every day the Grenville Library, or some special part of the British Museum renders up some fresh materials to the industrious illuminati, who are burrowing and diving in seas of missals for long-buried jewels. The flowers of the illuminator are like that traveller's toy, the withered rose of Jericho, that blooms again when you soak it in water. The early history of Art can never be thoroughly known till all good illuminations have been seen, copied, studied and printed. Every day some new room of this Art Pompeii is disinterred, and now, if this society work well, the unborrowing will go on faster. Flourishing best in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, it perished at the first creak of the printing-press. After having produced such rare workmen as Giulio Clovio, Lucas van Leyden, Memling, and hosts of unknown male and female artists, whose good deeds live after them—after two centuries of sleep, it has risen again as a graceful luxury, the cultivation of which may lead our wives and daughters to understand and teach Art. We trust that it may relieve us in some degree from the reproach of not sufficiently employing our women. It may give ladylike and cheering employment to many reduced gentlewomen, who at present are unable to get work—who are beaten by healthier and coarser-handed competitors in the labour market—who shrink from exposing their poverty, or who from ill-health and household duties are unable to resort to the bazaar-counter, or to bear the indignities heaped on governesses.

A lady, who is an artist and much engaged in the public picture galleries, wishes to make two

suggestions through these columns to the authorities concerned:—“1st. That as the Vernon Collection of Pictures forms at present a distinct and separate gallery, the private days for study should be different from those at the Gallery in Trafalgar Square. This would enable students to work at both galleries all the year round, and to the public could make no difference whatever. By the present arrangement we can only devote our time to either one exclusively, and that for only two days a week. By what I propose, we should have four days a week for study. 2nd. That there should be one or two private days at the Sheepshanks Gallery. Every one painting at a gallery knows the disagreeables of painting in public.”

The committee of the Salford Royal Museum and Library propose to open an Exhibition of Paintings and Works of Art in the first week in June. Circulars are going round among local artists and collectors, of which classes there is an army in Lancashire, requesting aid. The Queen has promised them two paintings by Mulready, ‘A Cottage Interior,’ and ‘The Wolf and the Lamb,’ together with a number of rare and curious Burmese and Siamese articles, in gold, silver, ivory and pottery, as well as rich embroidered velvets and silks, selected from the royal collections at Buckingham Palace and Windsor Castle. Mr. William Harvey, the mayor of Salford, is at the head of this movement.

The monument for the late Queen of Belgium, which the town of Ostend has offered to her memory, has already been erected in the church, and is shortly to be solemnly uncovered. The group is executed by M. Fraikin, and consists of three figures: the queen lying on her death-bed, the crown gliding from her hand; an angel reaching the palm to her; and a female figure kneeling at her feet, representing mournful Belgium. The figures are more than life-size, and praised for the purity of their design and execution.

The statue of the Polish poet, Mickiewicz has been erected at Posen, on the place before the St. Martin's Church.

The celebrated picture of the brothers Van Eyck, ‘The Worshipping of the Easter Lamb,’ in the Church St. Baron, at Ghent, is fast falling into ruin; it was high time that the Belgian Government resolved upon its restoration, which is entrusted to M. Le Roy, at Brussels. It is to be hoped that this clever restorer of old paintings will succeed in preventing the threatening destruction of a picture which the Belgians prize as one of their greatest Art-jewels, and as the masterpiece of the Van Eycks and the old Flemish school.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

MUSICAL UNION.—Madame SCHUMANN and JOACHIM on TUESDAY, May 25, at 8, at Mrs. F. S. HALL, Quintett, G minor, Mozart; Quintett, E flat, Piano-forte, A. Schumann; Quartett in A, Beethoven; Solos, Piano-forte. Artists: Joachim, Goldrie, Henry and Richard Biagrove, and Piatti, Pianiste, Madame Clara Schumann.—Single Admissions, 10s. 6d. each, to be had of Cramer & Co., Chappell, and Ollivier, Bond Street. Director, J. ELLA.

RUBINSTEIN'S SECOND PERFORMANCE. at the Musical Union, will be on TUESDAY, May 31.—No more free admissions will be given, and no Artists admitted without a Ticket. J. ELLA, Director.

SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY. Exeter Hall.—Conductor, Mr. Costa.—On FRIDAY NEXT, May 22, Handel's ISRAEL IN EGYPT. Principal Vocalists: Madame Clara Novello, Miss Banks, Miss Dolby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Thomas, and Signor Belletti.—Tickets, 3s. 5s., and 10s. 6d. each, at the Society's Office, 6, in Exeter Hall. Costa's ELI will be performed on FRIDAY, June 3.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—The VOCAL ASSOCIATION.—Conductor, Mr. BENNETT.—WEDNESDAY, May 25, at Eight.—Handel's ACIS and GALATEA; Mozart's Concerto in C major, 3d Principal Performers: Miss Arabella Goddard, Madame Enders, Miss Binckes, Mr. Santley, Mr. Dyson, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Band and Choir of nearly 400 performers.—Tickets, 2s. 6d., 5s., 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d. each, at all the principal Music-sellers, and St. James's Hall Ticket Office, 35, Piccadilly, W.

SIGNOR and MADAME FERRARI beg to announce that their ANNUAL CONCERT will take place, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on MONDAY EVENING NEXT, May 23. Vocalists: Madame Ferrari, Miss Palmer, Mr. Tennant, and Signor Ferrari. Instrumentalists: Mr. Charles Halle, Herr Ries, Signor Piatti. Conductor, Mr. Walter Macfarren. On this occasion will be performed selections from MEYERBEER'S NEW OPERA ‘LE PARDON DE PLOEREL,’ first time in England, and STERNDALE BENNETTS' ‘MAY QUEEN.’—Tickets, 7s., at all the principal Music-sellers; Stalls, 10s. 6d., of Signor Ferrari, Devonshire Lodge, Portland Road.

HERR JOACHIM'S LAST CONCERT. for the performance of Beethoven's Quartetts, will take place on WEDNESDAY, May 25, at 8, at Willis's Rooms, to commence at Half-past Eight o'clock punctually.—Stalls, 10s. 6d., each; Unreserved Seats, 5s.

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HANDEL CHORAL SOCIETY.—FOUNDLING HOSPITAL.—Conductor, Mr. WILLIAM. The FIRST CONCERT of a Series of Handel's works, to be given by this Society, will take place at the Foundling, on WEDNESDAY EVENING, June 3, when will be performed Mendelssohn's 'Athalia'; Van Broek's Cantata, 'St. Cecilia'; Day, and a Miscellaneous Selection. The Subscription for the Series is One Guinea; and Subscribers' Tickets can be obtained, on application to the Honorary Secretary, John Brownlow, Esq., Foundling Hospital, 10, St. James's Park, W. Commence at Eight o'clock, and terminate about Half-past Ten.

MR. LINDSAY SLOPER begs to announce that his ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT will take place on MONDAY MORNING NEXT, May 23, at St. James's Hall, commencing at half-past Two o'clock, on which occasion a selection of Chamber Music will be performed by the following Artists:—Vocalists: Miss Dolby, Miss Theresa Jeffery, and Mr. Sims Reeves. Instrumentalists: Herr Joachim, Mr. Friday, Mr. Webb, Signor Patti, and Mr. Benedict. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d.; Area or Balcony, 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d., may be obtained of Mr. Lindsay Sloper, 70, Cambridge Terrace, W.; Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and all Music-sellers.

MR. CUSINS and REMÉNYI'S GRAND MATINEE MUSICALS, at Willis's Rooms, MAY 27. The Orpheus Glee Union will sing some of their admired Part-Songs on this occasion. Stalls, 10s. 6d. each; to be had only of M. Reményi, No. 38, Mornington Road, Regent's Park, W., and of Mr. W. G. Cusins, No. 53, Manchester Street, Manchester Square, W.

MISS ARABELLA GODDARD begs to inform her Subscribers and the Public that she will give THREE PERFORMANCES of HERMANN'S CHAMBER MUSIC, at St. James's Hall, as follows:—viz, two Soirées, Friday, May 27, Friday, June 3; and, by particular request, a Matinée on Friday, June 17. Programme of the Soirées, Friday, May 27, and Friday, June 3:—1. First time in public; Quartet, in E flat, Mozart, Piano, Violin, and Violoncello. Executants: Violin, M. Sainson; Viola, Mr. Doyle; Violoncello, Signor Patti. Piano, M. Sainson. 2. First time in public; at the Second Soirée (Friday, June 3) and at the Matinée (Friday, June 17) Herr Joachim will perform.—Sofa Stalls, 10s. 6d. each, or 11s. for the three Concerts; Unreserved Seats (Area or Balcony), 5s.; Gallery, 2s. 6d. Tickets may be obtained of Miss Goddard, 4, Welbeck Street, W., of all the principal Music-sellers; at the Ticket-office of the Hall, 25, Piccadilly; at Messrs. Keith, Prowse & Co., 45, Cheapside; and at Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

MR. JOHN MACFARREN'S MATINEE OF PIANOFORTE MUSIC, selected from Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, on SATURDAY NEXT, at Half-past Three, in Hanover Square Rooms. She will be assisted by Miss Arabella Goddard, M. Sainson, and Signor Patti; Madame Andersson, Miss Poole, Mr. Wilby Cooper, and Mr. Walter Macfarren.—Tickets, 10s. 6d., 7s., and 5s. 6d., of Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Keith & Prowse, 45, Cheapside; and Mrs. Macfarren, 15, Albert Street, Gloucester Gate, N.W.

MIDDLE SPEYER has the honour to announce that her ANNUAL MORNING PIANOFORTE RECITAL will take place, at Willis's Rooms, on SATURDAY NEXT, May 28, at three o'clock, on which occasion she will perform Selections from the Works of Bach, Beethoven, Hummel, Mendelssohn, Chopin, &c. Vocalists, Middle Johanna Martin and the Orpheus Glee Union. Conductor, Mr. Francesco Berger.—Reserved and numbered Seats, Half-a-Guinea; Tickets, 7s.; to be obtained at R. W. Oliver's, No. 10, Old Bond Street; at the principal Music Vendors; and of Middle Speyer, 7, Belgrave Street South, S.W.

MISS LE DIEU has the honour to announce that her SOIRÉE MUSICALE will take place on MONDAY, June 6, at the Beethoven Rooms, 78, Harley Street, Cavendish Square, when she will be assisted by the following Artists:—Miss Louisa Van Noorden, Miss Stella (her first appearance in public), Mrs. Beuthin and Miss Palmer, Mr. Henry Reginald and Mr. Thomas. Pianoforte, Madame De Vaucheran and Miss Le Dieu. Violin, Mr. Dando. To commence at Half-past Eight. Conductors, Walter Macfarren, Mr. Beuthin, and Mr. P. E. Van Noorden.—Tickets, 7s., each; to be had of Miss Le Dieu, 10, Southampton Street, Fitzroy Square; of F. Le Sueur, 30, Scott Crescent, Regent's Park; and of the principal Music-sellers.

CHRISTY'S MINSTRELS.—Grand Change of Programme.—Open EVERY NIGHT at Eight; the usual DAY REPRESENTATION EVERY DAY, except on MONDAY and TUESDAY. Area Stalls, 3s.; Unreserved Seats, 2s.; Gallery, 1s. Tickets and Places may be secured at Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library, 33, Old Bond Street.

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—The list of these has been of all colours, sizes and complexions—a "hand" (as we say at whist) of tickets—representing curiously Ace, King, Queen, and also Knave, in musical excellence—having its Clubs, too, and sometimes, to stretch the whimsy to its verge, its Hearts. We are not, however, obliged to say which was which, though we may name a winning card or two.

This day week *Miss Louisa Vinning* and *Mr. Allan Irving* received their guests in company; both, as our readers have been told, are above the average of vocalists. If the lady could still acquire something of musical intelligence and precise articulation, she might rank among "the queens" of florid singing in this country.—On Monday evening, while those more than commonly clever young artists, the Brothers Holmes, were playing at the *Second Philharmonic Concert*, Herr Joachim and Herr Halle were doing their best (which is something like the best that can be done) for the concert of Schubert's and Dr. Spohr's music, at the *St. James's Hall*. The instrumental compositions of the former writer, however, as they stand, cannot stand;—since force and beauty of idea never came to so little, owing to a want of proportion—strange in one who could conceive so vigorously, and had written so much. Even in private the mind must be in its best mood of patience and fresh appetite, to receive them without the protest of

extreme weariness.—On Monday evening, too, (there had, by the way, been no end of glee and madrigal work in the morning) was one of the colossal *Sacred Harmonic Society's* rehearsals, in part devoted to the *Te Deum* of *Te Deums*, Handel's Dettingen Anthem. The gigantic power of these choruses places them among Handel's works in the rank with the best of those in 'The Messiah' and 'Israel,' and promises a great performance, and something like a new pleasure, for the second Handel day at Sydenham.

Mr. Hullak's last subscription concert of the season, on Wednesday evening, was an excellent entertainment. Beethoven's 'Pastoral Symphony,' Weber's 'Concert Stück,' well given by that promising young lady, Miss Howell; Mendelssohn's 'Walpurgis Night,' with Miss Palmer, Mr. Wilby Cooper and Mr. Thomas, were among its principal features. Besides these we had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Sims Reeves in his very best vein, *encored*, not in Cimarosa's 'Pria che spunti' (as a contemporary has stated), but in the entire *scena* from 'Der Freischütz,'—also giving to the *solo* in the noble 'Sanctus' by M. Gounod, all its due pomp and glory. (When may be asked parenthetically, are we to hear the entire Mass?) Miss Banks, too, was *encored*, and deservedly, in one of the tremendous songs of *Astra flamante* from the 'Flauto Magico.' The concert, in short, went off with the utmost spirit.—Besides this, on Wednesday evening *Herr Joachim* was holding one of his Beethoven Quartet Meetings,—there was chamber music at the *Réunion des Arts*, and *Miss Staback's* Benefit Concert.

On Thursday morning the concert of *Mr. Boleyn Reeves* (that clever harp player, but more clever as a composer), and *Signor Regondi* (that great artist, though his instrument is but the *concertina*), was as crowded as if there had been no "Birth-day" going on. The entertainment, though too long, was a good one,—the givers being assisted by Madame Lemmens Sherrington, *Mdlle. Finoli*, *M. Depret*, and *Mr. Santley*.—In the evening that most superb of *contralto* voices extant, *Miss Lascelles*, gave her concert.—Yesterday, *Miss Fanny Corfield* and *The Society of Female Musicians* "received."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—That Madame Penco appeared to much greater advantage as *La Traviata* in London than as *Norma* and *Semiramide*, which parts we heard her sing in Paris, may be safely asserted; and this, not only because of the superiority of the framework of this theatre over that, but because the music of Signor Verdi suits her voice and style better than that of Signor Rossini. There will be such sympathies, we suppose, though the consequences are what we regret in Art,—the reluctant or unsuccessful treatment of masterpieces in favour of what is more paltry, though more fashionable.—To attempt to describe Madame Penco:—her voice is a pleasing and even *soprano*, of some two octaves in extent; fairly, but not unimpeachably produced. Her execution, which in 'La Traviata' is confined to the *bravura* closing the first act, is tolerably neat; her shake is brilliant; but her delivery of her voice, whether in sentimental or forcible or brilliant passages, is not accomplished without that working of the features which seriously impairs all charm.—She seems, in Signor Verdi's opera, sensible and intelligent as an actress rather than impassioned; but the part is not an arduous one: in the first act a cough and a glass of champagne; in the last several coughs, a pale face, and a dressing-gown. Of such *property-work* it is virtually made up, and hence those who have succeeded in no other have gained a certain success in this. We are bound to record this caution from recollecting Madame Penco in *Norma*.—Better received no lady could desire to be, nor better supported.—We have never heard Signor Gardoni sing so well as he did on Tuesday evening. The part of the heavy father, too, is one exactly fitted to Signor Debassini's powers and their present state. But would for our musical pleasure in what is healthy and honest, that 'La Traviata' was buried once and for all, with her champagne and her medicine-chest!

DRURY LANE.—'Rigoletto' was produced at the close of last week, with Signor Fagotti in the part of the buffoon. It was impossible to avoid feeling,—clever to a certain degree though the new comer is,—that it is more ambitious than wise for any one to attempt the character while a certain Signor Ronconi is only a few doors distant. It was as impossible to avoid grieving over the magnificent voice of Signor Mongini,—about the most splendid organ that we recollect to have heard, but abused as few voices have ever been. A person more innocent of the art of singing has rarely trod the stage. Ten years ago the tourist might have heard wandering minstrels by the dozen before Pedrocchi's and Peverada's and Florian's and Donay's coffee-houses in the Italian towns, the worst of whom was a great artist, if compared with Signor Mongini. *Mdlle. Weisser*, the new *Gilda*, is agreeable to see: we regret that ears cannot report well of her endowments by nature, or the training they have received. She has been replaced by *Mdlle. Brambilla*.

NEW ADELPHI.—Mr. Tom Taylor, on Monday, contributed a new drama, in two acts, to the stock of this theatre, which was produced to inaugurate the return of Mr. and Mrs. Wigan. It bears a remote resemblance to a French piece; but not sufficient to fix any serious amount of obligation on the English author. It is entitled 'The House? or the Home?' a title intended to indicate the antagonism that exists among our legislative classes between public business and private duties. A Member of Parliament lives rather at "the House" than "at home"; and his poor wife is left to find a melancholy comfort in the occasional society of a *quondam* friend of her youth. Gradually a real passion steals over *Frederick Wardour* (Mr. Billington), and he is compelled to confess with tears to his mother (Mrs. Wigan) that he is in love with a married woman. To counteract the ill-consequences that might arise from his infatuation, Mrs. Wardour employs an old fop, *General Witherington, C.B.* (Mr. C. Selby) to discover the lady; and, meanwhile, in an interview with her friend, *Horace Chetwynd* (Mr. Wigan), discovers for herself that it is his wife. Chetwynd, however, is blind to the fact, thwarts all her plans and purposes, and perversely brings *Lady Helen Chetwynd* (Miss Henrietta Simme) and her admirer together, just at the moment that threatens to be the most fatal to his own happiness. But the vigilant mother, by her presence on the spot, contrives to avert the danger, until Chetwynd can with safety be permitted to learn the real state of the case. At first he is most indignant, and vows revenge; but on reflection accepts the lesson, and resolves on reform. The piece was nicely acted; and the dialogue, always neat, was sometimes brilliant. The drama and its representatives alike received a due share of applause, which, if not frequent, was appreciative.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—An advertisement from Covent Garden Theatre acquaints us that Mr. Gye has succeeded in engaging Madame Miolan-Carvalho to appear this season in M. Meyerbeer's new opera.—This, we need not say to readers of the *Athenæum*, is a piece of good musical news—the lady being, to our thinking, the best songstress of her class before the public.

The American musical journals are curious in their language—as the following extract from the *New York Musical Review* will prove:—"A Cincinnati critic says of Colson: 'She moved her lips, and the soul of Meyerbeer ran out in a gushing stream.' And a Buffalo paper gives us this:—'Of Karl Formes, we would simply say, that his voice is a wonder in compass and strength, going down clear out sight in the lower notes; but in regard to the musical part of it, we agree with Brown, that if Karl Formes should come in our back-yard at night, and sing in that style, we should feel justified in stoning him off the premises. We don't know but that we are alone in our opinion, and don't care if we are.'—The same journal from which we derive the above piece of rhetoric (quoted, we ought to say, as an

absurdity), announces, among the musical news of New York, that "the Mendelssohn Union performed twice the oratorio 'Eli,' music by Michael Costa; and achieved with the work quite a success."—By the correspondence concerning 'Tannhauser,' we are less sure that that unmusical opera on a capital *libretto* has pleased in America than we were led by a former notice to expect. "The solo singers in 'Tannhauser,'" writes a critic, "being not quite *au fait* in the late performance, it is impossible to get a really full idea of the concerted pieces at the close of the first and second acts." We fear that music, in the great New World across the Atlantic, may have begun at the wrong end. It has become old there ere it was even new. It may be dying there before it has lived.

The bare enumeration of the concerts of last week, as it may be seen, covers no small space, with the word or two claimed by some of the more interesting features thereof. Yet the tide has hardly fairly set in, and is made more impetuous, let us hope more gainful, by the habit of concert-givers presenting themselves in *suites* of entertainments. Among other matters of interest to be looked for is chamber music by *M. Halle*,—by *Mrs. J. W. Davison* (who retains before the public her name of Miss Arabella Goddard),—and it may be mentioned that a first London attempt at some of the minor music from *M. Meyerbeer's* new opera will be made at the concert of *M. and Madame Ferrari*.

Among the other arrivals in London for the season not yet mentioned by us are those of *Madame Lemmens Sherrington*,—of *Fräulein Mössner*, a harpist of high Continental renown,—of *Herr Reichardt*,—of *Signor Vera*, and of *Herr Blumenthal*.

Belgium seems for the moment to have its turn in Paris. *M. Gevaert's* new *opératta*, 'Le Diable au Moulin,' at the *Opéra Comique*, does not appear to bear out the hopes which were entertained of the composer. In these, it may be recollected, we never shared,—the secret and spell of originality being not as yet discernible in any of *M. Gevaert's* music. The turn of *M. Grisar* is to come next,—after that of *M. Linnander*.—*Mozart's* 'Seraglio' has been given at the *Théâtre Lyrique* duly, with arrangements rendered indispensable by the tremendous scale on which the music is written; the principal parts are taken by *Mesdames Ugalde and Meillet*, *MM. Michot and Battaille*. The voice of the last-named capital artists, always something deficient in body, is, of course, unfitted for the ponderous music of *Oemlin*.—'Jelyote,' a new opera by *M. Duprez*, has been successfully produced at Lyons.

We may remind the reader that the Handel Festival at Halle is to be held in June,—and having been again applied to for information on the subject, again request communication from any one aware of the nature of the arrangements.—The St. Cecilia Society of Prague has been performing, it is said to perfection, a fantastic *Cantata*, or Symphony, for choruses or orchestra, 'The Dance of Spirits,'—composed by *M. Nemeo*, a Russian.—Foreign journals tell us that at the Concert for an operatic fund, given the other day at the Court Theatre at Carlsruhe, a composition much remarked was a battle-song by Burns (query "Scots, wha hae"), set to music by *Herr Krümlen*.

MISCELLANEA

Silkworms.—*M. Quatrefages* states that the destructive disease subsisting among silkworms is not to be ascribed to the mulberry-leaves. As silkworms are kept within doors in an ill-renewed and highly vitiated atmosphere, I would suggest, this being so, that the only possible means to get rid of the disease, which only subsists under highly artificial conditions, would be to supply the creatures with a continuous supply of the purest atmospheric air. The proposal to propagate worms from healthy eggs, will, if carried out, else, prove wholly unavailing.

HENRY McCORMAC, M.D.

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